

The Australian

July 17, 1968

Women's Weekly

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LIZ TAYLOR
PLANS A
WEDDING . . . page 2

16-page lift-out

**FERNS and
FOLIAGE**

• **"DANGEROUS
JOURNEY"**
Personality test

**HOW TO HAVE
A BEAUTIFUL
SKIN FOREVER**

• **Different ways
to cook with
MUSHROOMS**

page 3



FACTS ABOUT PREGNANCY AND YOUR FIGURE

Q My figure has always been neat. Now my bust is so big! Will it ever go back?

A There's a very good chance your bustline will always be a little bigger than it was before you became pregnant...but with the right diet and exercise...and a well-fitted Berlei Maternity bra, there's no reason why your figure shouldn't be just as pretty again soon after. As soon as you discard your maternity bra, go along and be re-fitted into a good basic bra. A Berlei Fancy Free or Gothic Bra will fit you perfectly.

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Berlei Maternity garments are designed with one real purpose...to give you comfort during pregnancy, to help restore your figure afterwards. So, best you get fitted with a Berlei Maternity Wardrobe soon.

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Berlei

A Berlei maternity outfit can cost so little.

Bras from \$3.95. Girdles or pantie girdles from \$6.95. Pretty cotton bra, shown, Style 898, A-D, 32-44, from \$3.95.

Women's Weekly

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JULY 17, 1968

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OUR COVER

● Richard Burton and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, who planned the wedding of two members of their "court," Claudie Ettori and Gianni Bozzacchi (see story opposite). With the Burtons are their adopted daughter, Maria, 6 (left), and Elizabeth's daughter, Liza Todd, 10. Note: Elizabeth is wearing her spectacular new bauble — a 33-carat emerald-cut diamond, in a ring valued at \$272,460.

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KISS OF THANKS (above) from the bride to Liz Taylor. Liz's wedding present to Claudie, whom she calls "my sister," was the \$2000 wedding dress made by Bohan of Dior.



WIFELY GESTURE. Liz (right) smooths Richard's hair while waiting during the civil ceremony. Burton's present to the bridegroom was his new Rolls - Royce.



SOLEMN MOMENT. The faces of Liz (right) and Burton (left) reflect their feelings during the church ceremony. By special request of the bridegroom and with the permission of the officiating priest, a guitar group provided the wedding music in church.



WEDDING GROUP includes Liza (Mike Todd's daughter), 10, and Maria Burton, 6, German orphan Liz met while married to Eddie Fisher.

BURTON FAMILY WEDDING

IT took place last month at Saints' Church, Seine-et-Marne, near Paris, on a sunny midsummer afternoon — the wedding of Claudie Ettori, 24, Liz Taylor's friend and hairdresser, and Gianni Bozzacchi, 25, Italian photographer and ex-racing driver.

The bride's witness was Elizabeth Taylor; the bridegroom's, Richard Burton.

As well as parents and friends of the young pair and Burton's brother, Yvon Jenkins, guests included Mia Farrow and her mother, Maureen O'Sullivan; Prince Alfonso of Spain; actor Robert Mitchum; Paris hairdresser Alexandre; film director Joseph Losey.

The bride, a Corsican-born French girl, worked for Alexandre till Liz lured her away to be staff hairdresser. Bozzacchi, too, was lured from his job in Rome to be attached (at three times his already princely pay) to the Burtons as staff photographer-reporter.

The reception was held at Alexandre's country villa, a converted mill. House and church were decorated for the wedding by couture milliner Jean Barthet.

ATTENDANT Liz adjusts the bride's veil.



NEXT WEEK

● Are cats psychic? Do they dream? Why do they always land on their feet? You'll find the answers in our 16-page lift-out booklet . . .

TRUE TALES OF

CATS

. . . among a fascinating collection of feline facts. There are stories about adventurous cats, too — and a beautiful cat picture gallery in color.



and . . .



● We've some sleek knitting patterns for the snow season: these his-and-hers sweaters and a braid-trimmed jacket.

and . . .

● "When in Rome, don't be confused by the Romans" — that's advice from our entertaining Travel Tale.

and . . .



● M-m-m-m . . . the only word for our delicious tartlets!

and . . .

● Our garden expert, Allan Seale, talks about home-grown mushrooms and asparagus.

FROM A LAND OF MANY ORPHANS

"LET'S bring the children back from Korea!" It was undoubtedly a startling suggestion with which to arouse a husband peacefully asleep. But it was early morning and I could wait no longer.

For hours the pros and cons had vied for consideration in my excited mind. The cons had won! Now what was his opinion?

It was February, 1965.

For the holidays just passed we had decided on a "getting out of the rut" trip. Excited and excited, we had toured places we had never seen, and participated in activities we had never experienced.

Returning from the Snowy Mountains area, thrilled and enthralled by the works of God and man, we decided that next year we would stay "out of the rut."

Where would we go—what would we do?

A suggestion came in a newspaper. "Run away to the sea," the advertisement read. An impossible idea, I thought, and jokingly presented my husband with pictures of faraway places.

"Why not?" he said. He is a man of few words.

In less than a fortnight we had our passages booked. We would tour the East by ship, visiting Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Manila, and leaving on December 18, 1965.

Japan — my recollection of school-day geography reminded me that Japan was close to Korea. For several years we had been specially interested in Korea. We were sponsoring two orphans there.

Perhaps we could extend the trip to see them! If so, why not bring them back?

"Why not?" This time I asked the question.

Immigration? Could we afford to support them? Would we be able to care for them? Were we capable of training them?

Would they be accepted in Australia by Australians? Would it be better for them in Korea or Australia? How would it affect our own son and daughter?

The questions seemed endless.

The answers?

Immigration—very, doubtful. The Nancy Prasad case loomed ominously in my mind. However, I remembered that the principal objection had been that she had parents.

Yes, we could afford to keep them. We had our own

business, in which I was working.

We should be able to care for them, as they would be almost school-age when they arrived. And surely we could train them, having practised on our own two.

I knew Australians would accept them. We were Chinese ourselves and have always found Australians friendly and broadminded.

Where to begin? Obviously, the Immigration Department. Without its approval all other planning would be futile.

I sought help from an agent well experienced in Asian immigration. His opinion was not encouraging. Permanent residency for Asians was difficult to secure.

With orphans he had had no experience. We could only apply and wait — wait at least three months, he said.

The application was left in his hands.

Immediately we applied to the Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital Orphanage for the adoption of Pak Mija and Kim Myung Soo — a girl and a boy three and a half years old, whom we had financially supported since babyhood. By now it almost seemed as if they were part of our family.

Delays, difficulties, and frustrations hindered our progress from the beginning. Fortunately we were unaware that this was to be the pattern of the whole enterprise. "Wait" was to be the keyword.

Three months later our graph of progress registered nil.

Our application still lay in the office of the immigration agent. Myung Soo was no longer available—he had been adopted by a Korean family.

If the children were to return with us we had six months—six months and so much to accomplish! I refused to become discouraged.

The orphanage selected another boy, described as "bright, average intelligence, and nice disposition." His name was Lee Sun Kun, and he was five.

After concentrated pressure the agent lodged the application by June 17, and once more we waited.

"Perhaps the Child Welfare Department will proceed with home studies and

By
MAISIE FOOK

reports." I clutched at this feeble line of hope, but it gave way in my hands.

"I am sorry, we cannot proceed. You must wait till you have the approval of the Immigration Department." The Child Welfare officer was sympathetic, but definite.

"Ask your local Member of Parliament to assist you with the application to the Immigration Department and contact International Social Service in Melbourne," he advised.

"Wait," echoed International Social Service, but Mr. L. L. Bosman, our local Member, whom I have not met even yet, readily and effectively assisted. I will always be grateful for his unstinted support.

September 22, 1965. Progress at last!

A letter from the Minister for Immigration explained that "the entry of children, from Asia or elsewhere, for adoption by Australian residents is not prevented by Australia's Immigration Policy."

● Mrs. Fook attached a little note with her story. "If," she wrote, "my story is accepted and there should be any payment, please make the cheque payable to Asian Aid Organisation."

She is secretary of the Organisation, which aims at helping the underprivileged and the children of Asian countries.

A main objective is encouraging people to sponsor children from pre-school through to college. Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Fook collected and sent 44 packing-cases of clothes and food to Korea.

And she asked us to thank the people of Australia, the International Social Service in Korea and Australia, Immigration and Child Welfare officers, and the MPs who helped bring the two children from Korea.

"And Miss Kim, who escorted my children home," she added.

Those interested in helping Mrs. Fook in her work can contact her at Asian Aid Organisation, 421 King Georges Rd., Beverly Hills, N.S.W. 2209. Phone 57-4172.

The issue was one of Child Welfare, not Immigration.

The Child Welfare Department and International Social Service were notified immediately. At last we were moving!

Persuaded that time was short, the Child Welfare Department co-operated in an endeavor to obtain the necessary reports as speedily as we could reasonably expect.

They approved us as a suitable adoptive family, but, not being accustomed to international adoptions, their report to International Social Service did not contain enough information for their investigations. Another visit and another report had to be made.

More time lost. More waiting!

At this time International Social Service informed me that it was impossible to bring the children back with us. Procedures would be long and detailed.

The orphanage and the Child Welfare officer said, "Keep trying." What was I to do?

Happy child

October brought a report from Korea. It contained the case histories of both children. We were asked to study these and if we felt any question about taking either child, reports on other children would be sent.

Mija had been orphaned at the age of three months. She was a healthy, happy child. Her habits and reaction to discipline were normal and her characteristics very much like those of Janis, our own daughter.

Sun Kun had been at the orphanage for 15 months.

It was thought that his mother was a widow and had abandoned him, not being able to care for him herself. At first he stole food to keep for his next meal, hid toys belonging to other children, and told lies — a typical street child.

He had improved greatly under the supervision of the orphanage mother, asked many questions, was bright, active, and alert.

December 18 arrived and with it no definite decision. Perhaps before we left Japan papers would be completed and we would still return with the children. Somehow I clung hopefully to the thought.

In Japan, on January 2, we received a message from Korea. "No hope," it said, "but please come and visit the children."

Japan Airlines took Janis and me to Seoul on January 4, 1966.

It was 16deg., freezingly

• Included in this family are a girl who was orphaned and a boy who was abandoned in Korea



MRS. FOOK and her husband, Denis, are seated at left. Their son, Barry, 17, and daughter, Janis, 12, are standing at back, and the former Korean orphans, Margaret, seven, and Jeffrey, eight, at front right.

cold, but our hearts warmed at the sight of Mija and Sun Kun — we became firm friends, and they called me "Mummy."

There were thousands of children, orphaned or abandoned like Mija and Sun Kun, I learned.

And I saw much of a terrible poverty accentuated by bitter winter temperatures. Sickness and malnutrition caused much suffering and many deaths.

I returned to Australia determined to help, and, above all, to ensure that Mija and Sun Kun would join us. Wait I must. But give up? Never.

On January 28, 1966, we arrived back in Sydney. A letter from International Social Service awaited us.

They waited for yet another report from Child Welfare. February! March! April! May!

I kept writing to International Social Service and the story can best be told by extracts from their replies.

May 22, 1966: We still await a report from Child Welfare. "I can imagine how difficult it is for you just waiting."

July 11, 1966: All the necessary reports have now been received and the information is being forwarded to Korea.

September 23, 1966: Our letters to Korea went astray. We have now sent further copies.

Was it possible for anything else to delay us?

November 3, 1966: Inter-

national Social Service in Korea have now agreed that the two children can be placed with you—but possible legal problems have arisen, as Sun Kun's parents are not known.

December 7, 1966: Legal problems still unsolved.

Excitement

December 16, 1966: Legal problems solved. You may now apply for visas.

The excitement at Frederick Avenue, Beverly Hills, N.S.W., was mounting. We would cancel our holiday plans. The Immigration Department had assured me that visas would be granted immediately after we had approval. Perhaps the children would arrive in the holiday period!

January 13, 1967: "No further news from the Department of Immigration."

January 25, 1967: No news. "Each day must seem long to you when you are waiting." How true!

February 10, 1967: No visas — more documents needed.

March 1, 1967: No visas—another medical examination required.

April 11, 1967: Korean Government require an Affidavit of Support and a Statement of Adoption, witnessed by a Public Notary, not a Justice of the Peace as previously.

And January, February, March, April: "Do you think you'll ever get them?" friends and relatives asked or implied. They seemed to

regard me as stupid to expect that I would.

After two years and three months could I blame them?

April 27, 1967: A phone call from an airline. "We have a request from our Korean office that you pay the fares for two Korean children who will be travelling to Australia in the early part of May."

"Placid Chinese," did you say? Not me. "Pay \$419.80." I wrote and I shook from head to toe.

"Early part of May." That surely meant before the tenth, I reasoned. The airline would notify us when Mija and Sun Kun were booked to leave.

May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 . . .

I became almost sick with

waiting. Each hour seemed an age, each day eternity. Every time the phone rang I thought it was the airline.

I could endure no longer. Had something else gone wrong? I phoned them. They cabled Korea.

The children's departure had been delayed because their escort had had difficulty in clearing her papers.

"Please arrange another escort," I pleaded. I had heard the Korean Ambassador was returning to Sydney after a stay in Seoul.

"Try him," I said. My audacity astounded them, but they cabled Korea.

May 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 . . .

Friday, May 19, 1967: The call came. "The children are arriving on Monday!"

I do not know how I lived through Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. I know I did not sleep nights.

Monday morning arrived and my excitement was replaced by a sense of overwhelming insufficiency.

"Tiny figures"

Were we worthy to be responsible for two precious lives? Were we capable of training them correctly? Could we successfully supply their spiritual needs as well as their physical?

I felt honored and humble to be chosen for this tremendous task, and that morning I prayed again for help.

"Where are they? They haven't come." We all thought and feared alike. The stream of passengers disembarking had ceased. Seconds seemed hours. Disappointment and desperation seized me. What could have happened?

"There they are!" Two tiny figures in Korean costume had emerged with Miss Kim, their attractive and kindly escort.

More than a year has passed. Months filled with joy and laughter, frustration, and concern. But all that is another story.

Legal formalities for the adoption of Mija and Sun Kun were completed in April. They are now Margaret and Jeffrey Fook — two little Australians, who can speak no Korean, and have many friends in the Beverly Hills Infants' School.

Mother's Day, 1968, passed and I was the only mother of Korean orphans whose adoption has been arranged in N.S.W.

I think of the many thousands of these children needing a home and loving care.

I think forward to Mother's Day, 1969. My fervent hope is that then I will know other mothers who have also adopted children from Korea.



THE ADVENTURE STARTERS

NEW AWA 'TELSTAR' 17" PORTABLE FEATURING THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW INTEGRATED CIRCUIT!



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— handsome, unique cabinet styling. Features feather-touch, roller action controls. Maple, Walnut, Teak, Mahogany.

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— a modern look in Lowboys from AWA, leaders in TV styling! In Maple, Walnut, Teak.



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• TWENTY-FIVE DEBUTANTES

AND THEY'RE HAVING A BALL

By
BARBARA
MARTYN



FOR weeks they've been practising the steps of the Pride of Erin and the waltz, how to walk down the centre of the ballroom, how to curtsy.

They are going to be debutantes at a ball at the Sydney Town Hall on July 13, and they are going to be presented to the Prime Minister, Mr. Gorton, and Mrs. Gorton.

The excitement and the nervousness of the 25 young couples is typical of such an occasion. The girls have anxiously discussed dress styles, hairstyles, and the right accessories. The boys have arranged the hire of dinner suits and been reminded to give their shoes an extra polish.

Special pride

But there is an added feeling in these young people of a very special pride and a consciousness that they are to take part in a historic occasion.

It will be the first time Aboriginal debutantes have been received by a Prime Minister of Australia.

The ball has been arranged by the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs.

Aborigines from widespread country centres are travelling to Sydney to sit in the Town Hall and watch their young representatives perform a dignified, and for them a specially symbolic, ceremony.

About six of the 25 debutantes will be representing the country centres, at the special invitation of the Foundation, while most of the other debts, ranging in age from 16 to 22, are also originally from country communities and mission stations.

Aboriginal field officer for the Foundation Roy Carroll and his wife, Esther, have done most of the organising for the ball.

"We are pleased that the young people are so keen about it all," Roy Carroll said.

"We offered to arrange dresses for the girls, but they were so proud about being debts they insisted on buying or making their own, even though it is very costly for them.

"Even the country girls are getting their own dresses. One girl is from a family of ten living on a riverbank, but she has still said she will provide her own dress."

But hiring dinner suits was the simplest and least costly plan for the boys.

"I was afraid the boys might be too shy to be partners, but when we asked, they volunteered gladly," Roy said.

Roy and Esther have also arranged for eight tiny tots (three to nine years old) to lead in the debts. The seven little girls will wear long white dresses, and the boy a miniature dinner suit.

Grandmothers

Aboriginal singer Jimmy Little will comper the presentation and an Aboriginal band will supply the music for the evening.

A very special table at the ball will be for ten Aboriginal grandmothers from the various country centres of New South Wales. It will be the first visit to Sydney for some of them, and a chance for the younger generation to show them what they are achieving in the cities.

"But most of all we want to show everyone that we can arrange things for ourselves and help ourselves," Roy said. "The ball is one of our three major fundraising functions for the Foundation's work."

Altogether, more than 1000 people will attend the ball—and one thing is certain, they are going to have a ball of a time.

DEBUTANTE Sue Bryant, 16, gets her niece, Judy Munro, to check the hem of the gown she will wear to the ball in the Sydney Town Hall. Sue, a schoolgirl from Alexandria, chose the pattern, and a cousin made it up.



PRACTISING for the presentation to Prime Minister and Mrs. Gorton is debutante Pearl Anderson with her partner, Robert Wain (above). AT LEFT are brother and sister Charlie Williams, 8, and Leonie, 6, who will lead out the debutante parade at the Aboriginal Ball. Charlie will wear a dinner suit and Leonie a long white dress. Six other little girls in long white dresses will follow, and then the 25 debutantes.



WEARING a Pauline Trigere blouse and skirt, Mrs. Crook discusses the family menu with her cook, Bonnie, in her Washington home.

MRS. CROOK COOKS WITH TEXAS NUTS

ELEANOR CROOK'S cuisine is so typically Mexican that her husband often speaks Spanish to her during meals and calls her by her nickname, Elenita ("Little Ellie"), at other times.

Lyndon Johnson loves her pralines, and to satisfy the presidential appetite, Mrs. Crook imports pecans (the basic ingredient) from the President's own Pedernales country in Texas.

Pecan pralines are a soft, fudge-like sweet with the nuts implanted whole or in pieces.

Here are some of Eleanor Crook's favorite dishes, which she aims to prepare in Australia for her guests.

To help in the kitchen and with the children, Mrs. Crook hopes to bring along one of her staff, Esperanza Valdez.

PECAN PRALINES

Ingredients: 2 cups of pecan halves, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 teaspoon baking soda, and a very large saucepan (because the mixture expands).

Bring the sugar, buttermilk, and soda to a rolling boil, then boil for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups of pecan halves and 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine.

Cook to the soft-ball stage—syrup should form a good firm ball in cold water. Remove from heat and beat mixture with a spoon while it cools.

When mixture appears just ready to "set," drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper. The timing is the secret: Drop it just as it begins to harden.

TEXAS PECAN PIE

Ingredients: 3 eggs, 1 cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup light corn syrup, 1 cup pecan halves, $\frac{1}{4}$ th teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat eggs with fork, add remaining ingredients, and mix well. Pour into unbaked 9in. pie crust. Bake at 350 degrees until inserted knifeblade comes out clean—about 50 minutes to one hour.

PEDERNALES CHILLI

Ingredients: Basically, coarse ground beef, chilli powder, cumin seeds.

Brown the meat in a little suet with diced onions. Add chilli powder, salt, and cumin seeds. Thicken with peanut butter (this gives a subtle flavor). In Texas, this is served with side dishes of frijoles (brown beans) and tortillas (a Mexican style of bread).

The chilli can also be made into enchiladas by rolling it up with tortillas and baking.

GUACAMOLE SALAD

Ingredients: Avocados, jalapeno peppers.

Mash up the avocados with the jalapeno peppers. Serve on sliced tomatoes and lettuce. This salad is "muy picoso"—"very hot."



THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR'S WIFE IS PRETTY—AND A GOOD COOK, TOO

LBJ (old sweet-tooth) eats her pecan pralines

By ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York office

AMERICA'S new envoys to Australia are an eye-filling pair who look as if they and their picture-pretty family have just stepped out of a "house-beautiful" ad.

But, far from being waxen figures, they are animated with the spirit of the "New America." They are young, restless, open-minded, interested, and interesting.

They are, to boot, Texans-in-Washington—members of the "in" group.

Mr. and Mrs. William H.

Crook talk as if they're fresh from dinner at the White House—and they frequently are.

The new U.S. Ambassador is a 43-year-old former Texas Baptist preacher who turned to politics (which ranks with oil and cattle as a major industry of Texas).

To take up his post in Canberra, he leaves his position as head of VISTA, an acronym standing for Volunteers In Service To America, which is America's

domestic version of the Peace Corps, sending missionaries into darkest America to help the poorer people.

(A month ago Bill Crook's boss, Federal anti-poverty head Sargent Shriver, also resigned his job to become Ambassador to France, setting off an upper-echelon exodus in the wake of heavy budget slashes by Congress.)

But Bill Crook battled poverty only during office

hours. At home, the Crooks are accustomed to elegance, even affluence.

Mrs. Crook's father is H. E. Butt, a Texas grocery-chain millionaire and an old friend and neighbor of President Johnson.

In San Marcos, Texas, Bill and Eleanor Crook live at "Crookwood," a luxurious, antebellum-style mansion of 15 rooms.

In Washington, they have lived for the past year and a half in Arlington, Virginia, in an air-conditioned home of large and comfortable proportions, blessed with a hilltop view of the Potomac River and the city.



MRS. CROOK (at right) serves her family lunch on their patio in Washington. Her muu muu is by Elaine Gima, California. Seated are Mary Beth, nine; Mr. Crook; Bill, jun., 12; Noel, four. Above, Bill, jun., just back from judo class, shows the family his new yellow judo belt.



They have a domestic staff of three.

Bill Crook's lineage traces back ancestrally to Devon, whence sailed in 1801 a certain William Crook to Australia — as Bill has recently discovered.

"I will not be the first Crook to arrive on Australian shores," the Ambassador said.

He said he had researched the history of his presumed namesake and discovered him to have been a bit of a rogue — a self-ordained clergyman, printer, and physician, who had sided with Wentworth against Bligh and gone on to found Sydney's first primary school, Congregational Church, and Temperance League.

"I'm not sure all Australians were glad of that last

endeavor of his," Bill Crook added.

At this point it is possible to reassure Australians who fear the Ambassador (an ordained Baptist minister) may "dry up" the U.S. Embassy, where bourbon-and-branch water has traditionally been used to lubricate Australian-American relations.

"Cast it from your mind," Mrs. Crook said in tones echoing the softest of Southern comforts.

"First of all, we do not proselytise ever, nor have we attempted to frown on our more spirited friends. Live and let live, we believe.

"And, after all, we'll be representing the United States in Canberra, not just ourselves."

Eleanor Crook, who looks

ten years younger than her 35 years, will be possibly the youngest, prettiest, and most gracious hostess ever to pour a soft drink, or anything else, in Canberra.

She represents a kind of Western Renaissance woman, possessing a figure that would do for a Dior model; a culinary talent that keeps her family close to the kitchen (and President Johnson drooling for her special, home-made pralines); warmth and charm that hold her husband and children in obvious thrall; and mental alertness derived from a very good university education.

Both of them are equipped to discourse learnedly (and in Spanish or English) on art, sculpture, and antiques.

They have been right in the middle of Texas and

U.S. politics and know more than they will reveal about the current presidential race. And America's "other war" — the war on poverty in U.S. cities and farms — preoccupies Bill Crook not a little.

"I've been four years in the poverty program," he said, "and I've been very impressed with my country and my President, who could look back on the poor people of America when the country as a whole has never been more prosperous.

"I think I've had a rare opportunity to learn something about the economics of hunger, because sooner or later the world will need America's expertise in this sad science, as it has needed our more materialistic insights in recent difficulties.

"As it happens, we're still finishing the American Revolution at home. In the words of Thomas Paine, 'If America loses the revolution here, the world loses'."

The three children, William, jun., 12, Mary Elizabeth, nine, and Noel, four, are all somewhat underwhelmed with their coming move to Australia.

Bill, jun., is disappointed to learn that he won't be able to hunt antelope or deer — but he's holding out some hope for a buffalo or a crocodile in the Northern Territory.

The two girls are blonde, blue-eyed charmers, albeit with a tendency to wilt in hot sunlight.

At the time of my visit, they had not yet been told

the sad news that their dog, Smeagol (named from Tolkien's "Ring" fantasies), will have to remain behind in the U.S. because of quarantine regulations.

All three are rotable about the fact that, when the three-month school holiday is just beginning in the U.S., they will be trooping off, with scarcely a break, to classes in Canberra.

Like Ed Clark, the previous Ambassador, the Crooks hope to make the Embassy a hospitable place and perhaps continue the public tours when possible. In the very same accent, Bill Crook asked me to "come on down."

Then his wife chided him: "You didn't say it right — it's 'come on down, y'all'."

ALBURY SHEEP SHOW



AT RIGHT: Mr. Robin Whitehead, of "Butherwah," Urana, Miss Sue Castle-Roche, of "Cavan," Yass, and her fiancé, Mr. Peter Scott, of "Karoola," Urana (left to right), at the first day of the Sheep Show.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Neil McDonald, of "Old Cobran," Deniliquin (at left), and Mrs. D'Arcy Wettenhall, of "Stanbury Stud," Ceres, via Geelong, with a Corriedale from the Stanbury Stud at the Albury Pastoral Agricultural and Horticultural Society's annual Sheep Show and Stud Sheep Sale.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Tony Crossing, of "Mylora," Binalong, with their two-and-a-half-year-old twins, Vicky and Sally, at the second day of the Albury Sheep Show.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jelbart, of Albury, at the Sheep Show. Mr. Jelbart is president of the Pastoral Agricultural and Horticultural Society, which arranged the Sheep Show.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gurner after their marriage at the chapel at Sydney Church of England Grammar School. The bride was Miss Vicki Hogan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hogan, of "Heather," Bollon, Queensland. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. E. L. Gurner, of "Nisbet," Muswellbrook, and of the late Mr. Gurner.

LETTER for Mrs. John Stanton from her daughter Robin (Mrs. Hugh Somerville), in England, says that she is searching in Chelsea (where she and her husband now live) for a larger house. Mrs. Somerville returned in April after four months in Sydney with her parents.

TOP marks this week on the fashion front to tall, raven-haired Mrs. Walter McGrath, sipping cocktails in a slim, rich-brown velvet shift with a double frill of the finest snowy-white lace at the wrists and neck. Her gold-buckled brown shoes, brown stockings, and brown ribbon (which held her long hair loosely at the neck) were perfect accessories.

AND, at the same cocktail party, three Italian women proved that "the little black dress" is still very much IN. Mrs. Guido Natali, wife of the Italian Consul-General, shimmered in a glamorous cardigan of black sequins; Mrs. Bianca Argenti highlighted her black-wool cocktail dress with a striking V-shaped collar of white mink; and opera star Antonietta Stella was superb in beautifully cut black crepe with a cummerbund of black jet.

BY the way, the vivacious Antonietta Stella has accidentally discovered a successful new diet. While absence is supposed to make the heart grow fonder, in her case it has also made her slimmer. This is her first overseas tour without her husband, and she is missing him so much that she has lost her usually very healthy Italian appetite ("I adore spaghetti and all beautiful food"), with a dramatic result — she's lost almost a stone.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

SOUNDS like an exciting trip in store for Sydney girls Elisabeth Thomson and Diane Walker, who left by air on July 3 for six months in Mexico. Elisabeth and Diane will visit San Francisco and Mexico City, but plan to spend most of their time in Acapulco.

JUST engaged . . . Dianne Fuller and Tony Williams, who are planning to wed next February. Dianne is wearing a sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.

CUTEST invitation in my mailbox this week has a baby elephant dressed as Napoleon on the front. The sketch is by Sharon Kaye, one of the co-presidents of the newly formed Balfour Committee, which will work for the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. Sharon tells me she designs invitations for all the committees that work for the institution. The new committee's first function is a cocktail party on July 43 at the Whitehall Hotel at Edgecliff.

WHISTLES and stares followed Bettine Herzfeld as she toured through Portugal, wearing her Australian mini-skirts. "It was a riot," she wrote on one of the dozens of postcards she has sent home from her travels through Europe. "I thought the police might even arrest me." Bettine and her bearded husband, Andrew, are on a four-month world tour, and will travel home through Athens and Hong Kong about the middle of August.

SAW a proof of the delightfully different invitations to the wedding of John Harkness and Gaye Hughes at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, on August 17. They're printed within a gold oval frame and feature a charming photograph of the bridal pair in Victorian gear. Designed by John, the invitations include an amusing poem written by Gaye, and should make wonderful keepsakes for the guests.

— Mollie Lyons

AUTHOR Pat Flower always seems to be doing the most exciting things. When I rang her to ask her what was the latest news, she told me she is off on July 15 to Cape York with a film-making unit to write a script on the spot. It's a drama documentary about the seeking and finding of a bird called the Black Palm cockatoo, and the crew, an ornithologist, and most of the group, will be involved in the plot. Pat has equipped herself with a complete outfit of jungle greens (right down to desert boots) from an army-disposals store, and is determined not to fret about the two uncompleted books she's leaving behind.

HEAR from Mrs. Neville Hoddle that the young Mike Kitchings plan to extend Mike's scholarship trip in Europe, and have taken a house in London for the next four months. The talented artist/sculptor has started his own design centre there, and his wife, Antonia (she was Antonia Hoddle), will be helping him until they dash off to Spain for a summer holiday at the end of July.

THERE'LL be lots of travel talk on July 24 at the "welcome-home" party Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie are giving for Dr. and Mrs. Robert McInerney, who are just back from a six-week trip to Hong Kong, America, and London. Although it's too cold for the 70 guests to wander on the terrace and around the swimming-pool, they'll be able to look out over these from the large windows in the drawing-room.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baird (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Permezel, all of Albury, at the annual Albury Sheep Show Dinner Dance held in the Basketball Pavilion at the Showground. Mr. Baird is president of the dance committee.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Barry Wills, of Albury (at left), and Mrs. Bruce Stanton, also of Albury, were among guests at the annual dinner dance.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Linforth (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Condon, all of Albury, at the dinner dance.

MAITLAND BALL



ABOVE: Miss Lyn McFayden was escorted to the Maitland Black and White Ball by Mr. Richard Mullins. Decor followed a French theme in black and white and tables were divided by black-and-white trellises. Tall French lamps carried names of Paris streets.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Chris Wootton bought competition tickets from "saucy French maids" Lynn Boutillier and Bronwyn Dixon when they arrived at the Maitland Town Hall for the ball.



WINNING GOWN. The lovely brocade-and-chiffon ball dress worn by Mrs. John Latter, photographed with her husband, was judged the prettiest gown of the evening. Proceeds from the ball at the Maitland Town Hall, which is held annually, will go to The Royal Blind Society.

THE DANGEROUS JOURNEY

— A psycho test
by Michel Luci

HAUNTED
CASTLE

● Here is the map of a strange region through which you must take a 24-hour trip. On the journey you will stop twice — once for a short visit, once for an overnight stay. So look over the six intriguing places on the map — a haunted castle, steep canyon, mysterious inn, forest, waterfall, and lonely cabin — and decide (1) the place to stay overnight and (2) the place where you will stop for a visit. The roads are arranged so any choice is possible. Then read below to find out what your choices reveal about your personality.

START

STEEP
CANYON

FINISH

MYSTERIOUS
INN

FOREST

WATERFALL

LONELY
CABIN

Now here are two facets of your personality, as revealed by the choices you made on the map:

1. IF YOU STAYED OVERNIGHT AT THE . . .

Haunted Castle: You indulge in some wild daydreams at times; and, wild as they are, you wouldn't be at all sorry if some of them came true! Socially, you are very relaxed, and easy to be with — parties and good company are your fancy. Conventions of dress, speech, or behaviour are of little concern to you; sometimes, without realising it, you can go too far and shock or embarrass a more timid friend or lover.

Steep Canyon: You have great strength of character, are straight-thinking, energetic, and not at all afraid to undertake things alone. Since you tend to reject both advice and offers of emotional support, many people think you are cold. Actually, under your frosty exterior there is the soul of a daredevil and a gambler. Taking risks, for you, is what makes life exciting, and no one has ever talked you out of any project by telling you it was dangerous.

Mysterious Inn: That overused word "genuine" has, for you, a precise meaning: to show yourself as you truly are, deep down, even if it means hurting or shocking people. Not specially concerned with the great events of the day, you tend to be quite cynical about world affairs, governments, and politicians. Much more important to you is your own life and making the best of it; you feel that it is a full-time job.

Forest: Sentimental and tender-hearted, you would like to lead a quiet life without clashes or crises. Those around you reproach you for being too passive and unselfassertive. It is true that sometimes you give in too much to people who are more aggressive and demanding. In order to give of your best in life you need the affectionate, emotional support of someone close to you.

Waterfall: Physical activity is what you crave — dancing, sports, fast living, fast travelling. Indefatigable yourself, you like to pull other people along in your search for fun and frolic. This drive sometimes puts you in opposition to friends and lovers who are more settled in their ways, but you never give up. If you have to abandon a pet project, you do so only temporarily; when the moment is right you bounce right back and try to start it up again. Do be careful, however, not to hurt the people you care about with too much activism.

Lonely Cabin: The internal you — the world of personal feelings, thoughts, and imaginings — is all that counts; that is where you find your greatest satisfactions and richest experiences. The struggle for self-knowledge and self-mastery is, for you, the only struggle worth making. It is not getting what you want that is important to you; it is *deciding* what you want. Once the decision is made the rest is easy.

2. IF YOU STOPPED FOR A VISIT AT THE . . .

Haunted Castle: Life could be a little more romantic, a little less routine, in your view. Somewhere in the humdrum, workaday world there must be some sort of adventure waiting for you. A mysterious encounter? An impromptu party? A spur-of-the-moment trip to Tokyo or Rome? You wouldn't say no to any of these. But you are not the type to initiate adventures or plunge into the unknown. You're more of a dreamer than a doer.

Steep Canyon: What you want most is to be freer, more independent; perhaps even to live a completely emancipated, bohemian sort of life, throwing aside all those social conventions that at times seem to weigh so heavily on you. Sometimes, your desire for a wider sphere of action leads you to jump into new projects for which you are not really properly equipped. But your self-confidence and optimism are such that things usually do work out for you.

Mysterious Inn: There are two modes of life in your book: the straightforward and respectable path that you follow (and have really no intention of abandoning); and the kind of "anything goes" existence that you secretly envy, because its adherents seem to have all sorts of pleasures and experiences that are denied you. You can't help being fascinated by this "other" life; but rather than take part in it you live vicariously through acquaintances,

celebrities, or notorious public figures who do indulge in pastimes that appear dangerous or forbidding to you.

Forest: You may not know it, but you need rest. Life is hectic, keeping you busy from morning till night, and you have more than your share of worries. Activity is, no doubt, congenial to you, but you really should try to unwind a little more often — you might be a considerably more effective person.

Waterfall: A more explosive, dynamic life is what you long for. It certainly would not be impossible, since you have great reserves of energy. But, unhappily, you don't always know how to use or channel your vitality, which is often wasted pursuing some temporary enthusiasm or attempting to redress some equally temporary grievance. Next time you feel yourself building up a head of steam, try to expend it on some useful, well-thought-out project.

Lonely Cabin: You are terribly conscientious; the thought of leaving a chore undone, a debt unpaid, or a social obligation unfilled is horrifying to you. The smallest task or errand tends to seem urgent to you; as a result, your life has a feverish and unbalanced quality that you could avoid if you forced yourself to relax and look at things with a little more detachment.

HOW TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL SKIN FOREVER

— by **JOSEPHINE SIMMONS**, New Zealand-born beauty expert. In this article she outlines what skin is, tells how to treat it, how to beautify it.

WHAT is beauty—apart from the fact that it is the nearest and dearest thing to a woman's heart?

One dictionary says simply, "Loveliness of a thing or person." I am going to add, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

It doesn't matter how tall, short, fat, or thin you are; as woman, **YOU** are beauty, **YOU** are lovely.

Beauty is so much more than a pretty face and well-proportioned figure. It is a look of serenity and well-being; of health and vitality, with a happy head held high because of a profound sense of confidence—an awareness of the fact that you look your very best.

But what every woman needs to know is how to make the most of herself.

Until one realises the workings of the skin, one cannot hope to understand the basic rules of beauty care.

The skin is a living organ—it must breathe. It is not just a bag to hold the bits together. It must be kept clean and glowing. We have only one body, so all of it must be cared for—and the skin first and foremost.

Good blood circulation is the basis of a perfect skin. Look at a healthy baby. What a soft skin he has!

As people grow older, the blood circulation tends to slow down, which necessitates massage—whether artificial or by exercise—thus stimulating the blood and the flow of natural oil from the pores to protect the upper layer of the skin.

These pores penetrate through two layers of skin (the outer skin or epidermis and the under skin or dermis). At the end of each funnel-like pore is an opening through which flows the precious oil to nourish the tissues of the outer skin—the epidermis.

I must mention at this point the extreme care we should give to the skin around the eyes, as there is only a thin layer of dermis in this area. This outer skin is fed by the arteries, the blood circulating from the temples and the nose up to the scalp.

Should the outer skin be removed, you would see these arteries operating. Therefore, it is logical to use a delicate cream when massaging around the eyes, a stronger cream for the face, and an even stronger cream for the neck—but more of this later.

To continue about circulation: Tight garments interfere with skin circulation,

also hinder the evaporation of body wastes through the pores. So try not to wear too many tight clothes.

An easy beauty hint, one which I have followed for years: First thing in the morning (and last thing at night, if you are really keen) drink a glass of hot water with a slice of lemon with the skin on.

This helps to keep bowel actions regular and rid the body of waste matter.

So make rule number one, hot water and lemon morning and night. During the day, when in need of a drink, try it then, too.

Skin is like elastic, and you know what can happen to elastic—it stretches. If you don't exercise your skin it becomes flabby and sagging. And so to exercise and massage.

In this age of new home appliances and cars, the

ing hard back to the temples, ending in three more rotaries.

Press the temples for a split second to bring the blood to the surface and rushing to the nose, ironing out wrinkles and "crow's feet." Repeat three times only.

Next, from the shoulders, sweep your cream-covered hand flat upward to the chin, holding for a second, before repeating the same movement from the other shoulder with your opposite hand. Repeat three times slowly, working around to the front of the neck.

Slide your hands round to the neglected part of your neck—the back—where age tells its nasty secrets, and massage the back of your neck, finishing up with concentration on the centre neck muscle, the trapeze muscle, which is the one that causes

smooth moisturiser over face, throat, and back of neck.

Never leave your skin naked. When not wearing make-up, especially during weekends, preserve the delicate acid mantle of your skin by smearing it with a good moisturiser.

Body lotion is a must for the rest of your body. Enjoy the luxury of smoothing on a lotion or oil, including your legs and feet.

Now for some home-made cosmetic recipes. A weekly face mask is so important to the pores of the face and neck, extracting impurities imbedded deep down all week with thick make-up.

If neglected, pores become enlarged, filled with hardened sebum (called blackheads), which if squeezed can become infected. In some cases, acne sets in, sparking off a skin



Josephine Simmons

lie down for about 15 minutes with a pillow under your feet. Rinse egg-white off with a warm facecloth, splash with cold water, and you will be the belle of the ball. This has proved to be a temporary anti-wrinkle treatment as well.

Before all masks, cleanse the skin with a beauty soap. This leaves the surface of the skin bone-dry—necessary for the mask to act immediately, extracting impurities from overclogged pores.

If you suffer from really enlarged pores, add to four egg-whites a grain of camphor and one grain of alum. Beat until stiff. One of the oldest face masks on record, it is excellent for large pores and acne.

Speaking of acne. For the truly sad state of this complaint, rub a slightly squeezed orange over the face last thing at night for three to four successive nights, and note the results. Teenagers, especially boys, have asked me for help here, and have been very happy with the results.

Teenagers do suffer so, but mothers should take their diet in hand by cut-

the pores. There are times when we need a quick application of this matt powder, but remember to be thorough when removing it at night.

To make eyes sparkle, cut two rings of cucumber—with the skin on—place them over your eyelids as you lie in the bath with your face mask on, or flop on your bed to relax every muscle for the lost energy.

To preserve the acid mantle of the skin, add to your bath water quarter cup ordinary vinegar. No more skin dryness. And if you are chasing the long hot summer, take note of this suntanning recipe: equal parts of vinegar, olive oil, and cold, strong tea.

A lovely skin food with orange is 1oz. lanolin, 1½oz. white soft paraffin, 1½oz. yellow paraffin (petroleum jelly), and ½oz. hard paraffin. Melt them all together and, while still warm, add ½oz. liquid paraffin and ½oz. orange juice. Beat well, place in a jar, and use as a night cream.

Now for a diet:

For breakfast—that hot

"The skin is a living organ: it must breathe"

drudgery is taken out of life, but we find ourselves becoming flabby. The solution is physical exercise.

A sport, dancing, or long walks are all good, provided you are getting some exercise. Also, a few quick exercises when you get up in the morning will do a lot of good.

Take a deep breath, with arms stretched above your head, then throw them down to touch your toes, holding the tummy muscles in as you exercise. Repeat a few times.

Next, stretch your chin over to the right shoulder while breathing in deeply (hands on hips). Repeat same to the left shoulder. Just a few minutes of this keeps the skin of the neck elastic.

Massage is so important for bodies, especially the face and neck. To massage you must use a cream, otherwise you will stretch your skin. Get advice from a beauty consultant on the type of creams that suit your skin.

At night, after cleansing the skin thoroughly, massage face and neck at length.

Start with the eyes. With a little gentle astringent eye cream on your "ring" fingers (the pads on these fingers are the softest on the hand) make three circles on the temples and, looking upward, gently bring these soft-pad fingers toward the nose and carry up to either side of the nose, pausing to press the nerve centre under the eyebrows, then lifting up the eyebrows before sweep-

so much tension and head pain if allowed to knot.

Perhaps someone can massage this muscle at the base of your neck for you in circular movements. This ensures relaxation and is a wonderful way to relieve the pressures of the day.

Finally, the all-important furrowed brow. The forehead suffers from overwork and shows every sign of strain and emotion. So, with this massage movement, relax and enjoy the smoothing out of forehead lines.

Open hands and place on forehead, fingers touching. Bring your thumbs on to the temples, pressing slightly. Close eyes and sit up straight. Arching your fingers, all eight touching, run them down from centre forehead to meet the thumbs. Pause and repeat.

Clear the mind of all thoughts as you work, so that when you have finished at least a dozen sweeps, your eyes will want to stay closed. Slip into bed and sleep soundly.

For morning beauty care, wash the face with a good skin soap. With this soap, massage neck, chin, contour muscles, nose, and forehead.

With a warm facecloth—not hot—rub vigorously to remove the soap. Rinse cloth, wipe face and neck again, finally rinsing face and neck in cold water. (After bathing or showering, always splash body and face with cold water, as cold water tightens the skin and helps keep it supple.)

Pat dry, then immediately

complaint requiring patience and sometimes medical treatment to clear.

A good mask for normal skin is:

1 tablespoon dried skimmed milk powder
½ teaspoon honey
1 egg-white mixed in a bowl before adding other ingredients

Apply thickly to face and neck, not forgetting the back of the neck but omitting the eye area. Remove after 15-20 minutes with a warm facecloth, rubbing the skin vigorously. Splash with cold water and apply skin tonic.

For dry skin, add the egg-yolk and 1 tablespoon fresh milk to the ingredients.

Immediately after the

Oranges for acne; cucumber for clear eyes

mask, use a skin tonic on a pad of cottonwool first squeezed out in cold water.

Here is a recipe for skin tonic given to me when I was 16, and which I have used faithfully ever since:

½ cup rosewater
½ cup white vinegar
½ cup glycerine

Shake well and use even on the hands, especially at night.

For that pick-me-up face treatment, when invited out after a day's hard work, here is one used by famous actresses:

Separate the egg-white from the yolk, and without even beating the white, smear it over the face and neck,

ting out all fried foods. Why not experiment with a family casserole dish?

Meat cooked in a casserole—even roasts—comes out tender as chicken. Leave the lid off for the last 15 minutes to brown vegetables and meat, and I doubt if you will ever return to the grease of the old-style roast meal.

Buttermilk is another secret for a fine, delicate complexion. An English friend of mine has used buttermilk as a cleanser for as long as she has used cosmetics. Mind you, her foundation was very light, with just a dusting of powder.

It is block powder that creates the plaster-like substance, pushed deep down in

water and lemon (no sugar). Boiled or raw egg, grapefruit, and a thin slice of toast.

Mid-morning drink—hot water and lemon.

Lunch—a slimming-roll or biscuit, about 2oz. cheese, an apple or orange or raw tomato, and a green salad. Tea or coffee with milk.

Afternoon drink—tea with lemon.

Dinner—lean meat, liver, kidneys, or steamed fish. Cauliflower, boiled beans, leeks, or cabbage. One small boiled potato. Tossed salad, including tomatoes, cucumber, and onion. One orange or apple. Tea or coffee with milk.



Things go better with Coke.

Scotch and Coke:

One ounce Scotch,
(or your favourite Whisky)
Ice first, Scotch after,
Then fill with Coca-Cola.
Remember, you must have
rocks in your glass
to drink Scotch and Coke.

Brandy and Coke:

(Also known as a Black Panther)
One ounce Brandy,
Then ice. (Careful not to splash)
Now add Coca-Cola.
Look over your shoulder
with this one—it has a nice
habit of sneaking up.

Rum and Coke:

(Also known as a Cuba Libre)
Two ounces Rum,
Juice of half a lemon,
Stir and pour into a glass over two ice cubes.
Fill with Coca-Cola.
Guaranteed to stop the natives
rising at your next party.

Vodka and Coke:

One ounce Vodka,
Juice of half a lemon,
Stir and pour into a
Cocktail glass.
Then fill with Coca-Cola.
Stand yourself in soft earth,
light and stand clear.



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Controversial new surgery

By NAN MUSGROVE

● New techniques in surgery have brought with them a great many problems. Laymen, as well as doctors, are called upon to think them out.

THE moral, ethical, and practical problems associated with the high drama of medicine's latest achievement—the extension of life by organ transplants—are being put before Australian viewers very thoroughly.

TCN9's Robert Raymond, of Project '68, is presenting a two-part local program about transplants, which he describes as "the most profound revolution in the history of medicine."

It follows this week's ABC-TV "Impact" program, "Barnard Faces His Critics," made by the BBC.

In it, Professor Christian Barnard, of South Africa, talked about his heart transplants and faced a panel of critics—distinguished British medical men and laymen, including Malcolm Muggeridge.

The first Project '68 program, "Life Out of Death," will be telecast on Monday, July 15, at 9.30 p.m. The second part, "A Certain Degree of Immortality," will be shown on Monday, July 22, at 9.30 p.m.

Raymond thinks this is the best Australian program produced by Project '68, says it is certainly the most fascinating, most thought-provoking.

"Life Out of Death" tells the story of kidney transplants, and the use of artificial kidneys in Australia.

The second part deals more with the moral and ethical problems involved in transplants—heart and liver as well as kidneys.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when we had been to a theatre where a mind-reader was appearing and I'd been amazed at his gift of reading questions from sealed envelopes, "My dear, I simply don't believe it. It has to be a trick." I wouldn't believe her, but raved on about his powers, until she destroyed me with just one line. If you believe in mind-readers as I did, I caution you not to read her moral.

MOMMA'S MORAL: "If mind-readers can tell you all about the future, how come they buy the newspaper every day?"

Television

Raymond says he will be well pleased if his programs make people think, make people tell their relatives how they would feel if they died suddenly, or violently, and their organs were requested for transplant.

"Having made this program, I think everyone should discuss this question now and make his attitude clear, not leave things unsaid and force the people left to make this decision," he said.

I have only talked about the programs with Raymond, but that was enough to make me determined not to miss these programs.

OH, JOLLY GOOD SHOW, WHAT?

"THE World of Wooster" made a happy return to ABC-TV this week (Wednesday, 8 p.m.), with Bertie and Jeeves in very top form in a hilarious episode called "Jeeves and the Swan Song."

Bertie (Ian Carmichael) was in trouble with what his Aunt Dahlia calls "gels," and there was a great deal of kissing and talk of breach of promise.

The old Wooster brain-box wasn't working too well, and Bertie kept getting back in the bisque again and having to fly to the decanter for the jolly old W & S.

Woodehouse, the famous English funny writer, first introduced the world to Bertie Wooster in 1916, and

THE Transworld Quiz Kids (ABC-TV, Sundays, 6 p.m.) pulled their socks up toward the end of their interesting contest with schools in the United Kingdom, and, in a fighting finish, managed to end the contest with a tie with the Friends' School, Lisburn, Northern Ireland.

I was sorry to see the contest end, glad to hear that the Transworld Quiz has proved so popular that

kept writing about him till 1937. He has been an up-roar ever since.

Even Woodehouse himself says Wooster's highly exaggerated world never existed, but Wooster has always been taken by many as the prototype of the Silly Ass Englishman who manages so well with Jeeves (Dennis Price) his gentleman's gentleman.

Wooster stories achieved remarkable success all over the world and even today sell like hot cakes in Japan, of all places.

Although Woodehouse wrote many Wooster stories, there are only seven shows in this new and last series of "The World of Wooster." So make the most of them while they're about.



BERTIE (Ian Carmichael) and Jeeves (Dennis Price) are in for a spot of bother, as usual.

QUIZ TROPHIES



THE WINNERS: Captain Bob Boughton, 17, Robyn Grant, 15, Peter Barr, 15, Janet Chester, 12. Both boys hope to be diplomats, Robyn a teacher. Janet so far is not looking further ahead than school.

arrangements are under way for more of the same.

I met Australia's tying team members recently, when—flushed with their success—they were presented with book tokens for a personal memento, and received really beautiful trophies, suitably inscribed, of bronze owls for their schools, Loreto Convent and St. Aloysius, at Kirribilli, a Sydney suburb.

Controller of Programs for the ABC Neil Hutchison floored the whole team at the presentation when he asked them who was education's patron saint. None of them knew.

Mr. Hutchison, elated by his success with his quiz question, saved the day when he confessed he had done considerable research to find out—that it was St. Catherine of Alexandria, supported by Jean Baptiste de La Salle.

Despite the gap in their knowledge, they were an impressive group of kids, well-mannered, and unusually articulate for Australian schoolchildren.

I was amused when Bob Boughton, captain of the team, accepting the owl for St. Aloysius, right on top of the team's failure to name education's patron saint, said he thought in accepting it he should follow the owl's example and keep an intelligent silence.

I was impressed, too, with the ABC's research service, which apparently provided the ABC (well out of the school-age group) with the knowledge that allowed them to serve schoolkids' favorite foods at the party—salted peanuts, potato chips, rainbow cake, lamingtons, and lashings of Coke.

IT was a night for titles last week on TCN9 news when Dame Zara Holt opened a jewellery exhibition. She lost her title and became Mrs. Holt in the same breath. But I liked best the title bestowed by a young man on a bejewelled mannequin. As she appeared he said appreciatively, "This \$10,000 piece..."

Royal "we" for Wayne

WAYNE NEWTON, showman extraordinary, made a special for ABC-TV, while he was here recently. It will be telecast on Saturday, July 20, at 7.30 p.m.

Called "Wayne Newton in Australia," the show is pure Wayne, unadulterated. He sings 17 songs.

Everyone's favorites are heard, but he doesn't sing his own favorite, "Looking Through a Tear."

I asked him why he didn't sing it, and, talking with the royal plural which he always uses (because he says he is not an "I" person), he explained to me.

"Looking Through a Tear" is one song we have taken to our heart and we would hate to lose the feeling we have for it."

Lyrics mean a lot to me, I'm sure—but you see what I mean by that "showman extraordinary" tag.

He is consistent about keeping things to himself. He kept his bride of two weeks, Elaine Okamura, 24, to himself while he was here, allowed no interviews.

"We have made this standard practice," he said, confusing me with the "we." Did it, I asked, mean just him, or the two of them? He didn't answer.

"We do not want to exploit our marriage, to open up our married life for public consumption," he said. "We do say, though, she is a joy."

That "we" I hope was "I."

This is Wayne Newton year on Australian TV. Later, TCN9 are presenting him in "One More Time," a special he stars in with Johnnie Ray, the Mills Brothers, Billy Daniels, and others.

They sounded rather mature company for Wayne, at 26, but as he said, "We have never been a teenage idol."

(ADVERTISEMENT)



MARY BENSON TALKS ABOUT TRAVEL

You should've ever-dropped with me the other day at one of our better hotels. Two travel agents were nattering away about Matson Lines Special Family Fares. You know—so that businessmen can take their wives and children with them to Hawaii or San Francisco at fantastic savings.

Anyway, when you consider these grand, glorious, sleek white yacht-like ships (SS MONTEREY and SS MARIPOSA) fully air-conditioned and with just about every amenity you can think of—with a Family Fare plan too—the whole thing is absolutely irresistible. (Single girls, and single men too, aren't forgotten—Matson gives them a 10% Fare Reduction on the full return cruise!)

You cruise and visit such fabulous ports as Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii and San Francisco. Coming back—Los Angeles, Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga and Auckland. First Class all the way too. Really First Class. Sailing every 3 weeks.

Did you know Matson is offering new ports of call—including Melbourne—at no increase in fare? The SS MONTEREY will be in Melbourne on September 5 (Vila on the 13th) and the SS MARIPOSA will be in Melbourne on September 30. Passengers joining the ship on September 30 will see Sydney, Suva and the new port of Nuku'alofa on their way to Matson's other ports of paradise.

Ask your travel agent to help plan your Matson Cruise, or have a chat with the nice people at Matson Lines, by 'phone or in person.

Matson Lines

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



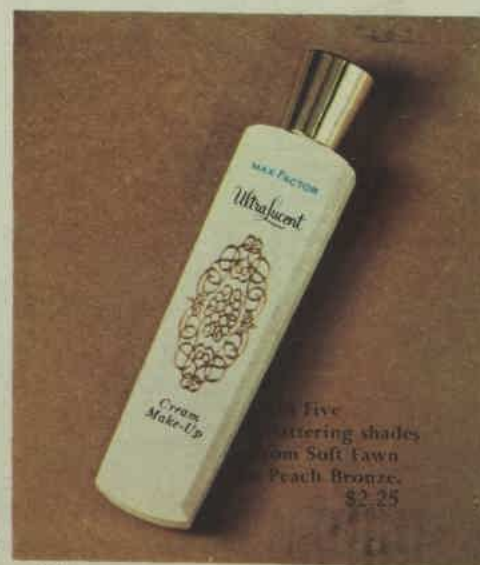
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but heavyweights mask your pretty skin...
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that precious moisturizers give.

Instantly it hides the little hurry
worry lines that come with growing up.
Gives your skin more delicate texture.
Prettier colouring. More radiant glow.

Why care if you're a year older?
UltraLucent Cream is here. Happy Birthday!

UltraLucent Cream Make-up by Max Factor



THE GREAT MOSCOW CIRCUS



WORLD-CLASS acts brought direct from the U.S.S.R. make the "great" in the title very true of the Moscow Circus. The tent performance lasts three hours, the TV show 90 minutes — edited down from the complete show to the program's breath-takers, chosen to suit the sophisticated tastes of seasoned viewers.

—NAN MUSGROVE

LEFT: OSKAL-OOL, the Tuvianian jugglers, who, in an amazing juggling display, show Tuvianian peasants at their traditional tasks of "pounding the millet" and "beating the wool."

Television



IVAN RUBEN and his animals are amazing — lions, tigers, panthers, brown and white bears working together. Left: Ivan smooches with a lion. Below: Bear on tightrope.

ABOVE: ANDRE NIKOLAEV, dubbed by the U.S.S.R. "Honored Soviet Clown," is a superb artist. Without English and with good taste he mimes vivid jokes, sketches, knits the whole exciting show together.

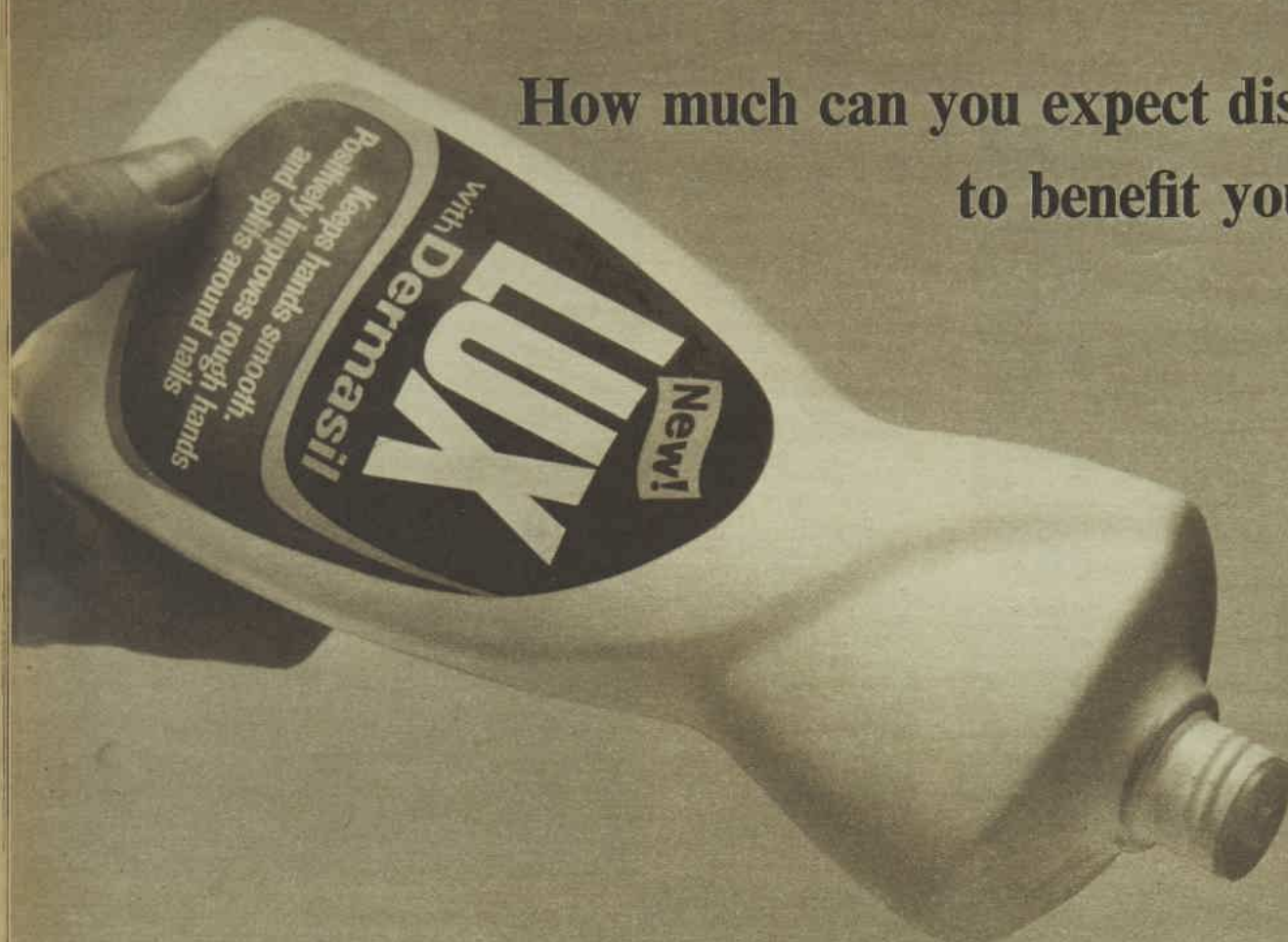


FLORA MANINA, pretty female contortionist, is rightly described as plastic acrobatic perfection.

• "BP Presents the Great Moscow Circus, 1968" may be seen in Sydney, TCN9, Melbourne, GTV9, July 14, 7.30 p.m.; Adelaide, NWS9, July 20, 7.30 p.m.; Hobart, TVT6, July 27, 7 p.m.; Perth, TVW7, August 3, 7 p.m.; Brisbane, QTQ9, August 4, 7.30 p.m.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 17, 1968

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LL 86



AUTUMN'S DYING SPLENDOR

DEEP GOLDS, reds, and greens make up a late-autumn harmony of color in the picturesque central west of N.S.W. The trees in the pictures are part of a roadside park outside Orange. The park, a project of the local branch of the Agricultural Bureau, was begun in 1938 with the planting of 75 trees to beautify an area of wasteland five miles from Orange, on Pinnacle Road. Additional plantings each year have brought the number of trees and shrubs to 650, of more than 150 varieties, from all over the world; and the collection has been planned to give a year-round continuity of beauty. The park is a scenic highlight of the tourist round trip to Tourax Valley via Lake Canobolas.

Pictures by Mr. Vic Campbell, of Orange, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 17, 1968



Page 10

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* Maggi Sauce packet is not required where this contravenes State Law.

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MSW 10768

Our 1969 World Discovery Tour

● Mrs. R. Spackman and Mrs. T. Hedges, both of Strathfield, N.S.W., examine rugs in a market at Acapulco.



SHOPPING AROUND THE WORLD

COUTURE clothes, decorative trinkets, and never-befores — you'll find them everywhere you travel on our 1969 World Discovery Tour.

No fewer than 21 countries, in fact, will be your shop window — including Japan (a travel bonus you enjoy only on our tour), France, Italy, and England.

The price of this round-the-world shopping spree? Just \$1835 (or \$N.Z.1900) for five long months.

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A tour staff of five, who accompany you to and from England, will solve all travel problems — including where to shop.

World Travel Headquarters have also made sure your journey of discovery (in museums and art galleries as well as in shops) begins and ends on a high note.

They have chartered the Orsova for the outward voyage and the Himalaya for the return voyage. In these P & O liners, superb service, food, and accommodation (in a four-berth cabin; but two-berth and single cabins are available) are taken for granted.

So is the friendly all-togetherness of one-class sailing.

And think of the wonderful shopping spree you'll have in all the ports of call (including duty-free ports, where

you'll save money on imported goods like cameras, watches, and transistor radios).

En route from Sydney, the Orsova visits Brisbane, Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco (gay Mexican rebozos, or shawls, are tempting buys), Balboa, Panama, Cristobal, Miami, and Madeira before arriving in England.

Shopping pleasures in store on the homeward voyage are Lisbon, Casablanca, Dakar, Cape Town, and Durban.

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Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30

Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-7555.

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(All above are members of AFTA.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 20-9559.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1. Tele. 01-494-8494 and 01-499-7221.

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For your hotel, World Travel Headquarters have chosen the P & O liner Himalaya, noted for faultless service, cuisine, and accommodation.

What's more, she is one-class, so you can play it lazy or lively with new companions — or renewed acquaintances — anywhere you please.

Your choice of cabins is entirely up to you, too. Your basic fare covers accommodation in a six-berth cabin, but for varying supplements you can bask in the luxury of an outside two-berth cabin with private shower and toilet, or even a deluxe cabin with all facilities.

Our first cruise has a special allure: A treasure hunt, complete with map and clues.

The lucky passenger who finds our treasure — two round-the-world tickets worth \$6000, including \$400 spending money — will receive the prize at a fancy-dress Pirates' Ball just before the ship arrives in Auckland.

Yet the memories you collect won't only be of sparkling shipboard life. How could they be when the South Pacific is synonymous with swaying palm trees, blue skies, shimmering sea, white sands — and all the pleasures they bring?

After a call at Brisbane, where Queensland passengers join the cruise, the Himalaya sails for Noumea, the capital of French New Caledonia.

Next comes Lautoka, in Fiji.

Fiji is blessed with all the naturally good things of life — palm beaches fringed with coral reefs, plantations of coconuts, bananas, and sugarcane, and exotic flowering shrubs and bushes.

Last port of call before sailing for Auckland is also in Fiji — Suva, its capital and chief port. When budgeting, make allowances for all the tempting bargains you'll find in the duty-free stores.

Ask your travel agent for the color brochure which outlines the low prices and the convenient connections to and from all capital cities and Auckland.

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Basic tour price covers:

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
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- Sightseeing tour in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well - situated

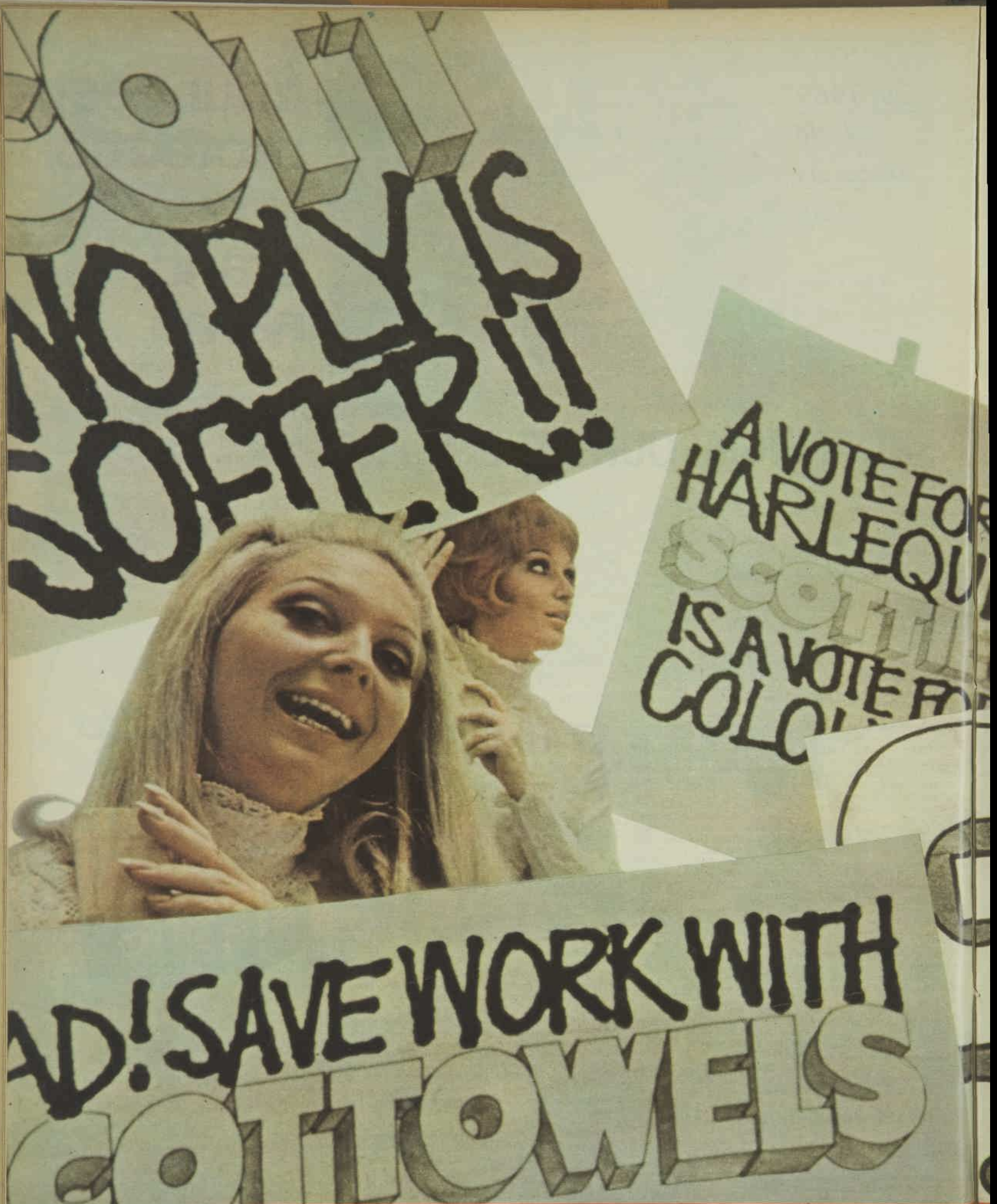
London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.

- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.
- Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and return in the Himalaya to ensure an efficient tour operation.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 17, 1968

Page 23

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Transplants: merits and demerits

DOES "Mizpah" realise that the first appendix operations were more dangerous than the present specialised organ transplant? She, herself, may be alive today only because of wonderful research programs begun decades ago. She should thank God for the humanitarian "guinea-pigs" and the dedicated men who operate on them.

\$2 to Mrs. Grace Gaylard, Airey's Inlet, Vic.

IF the reactionary, irrational, unenlightened attitude of "Mizpah" were typical, we would probably still be using the square wheel. Transplant operations give dying patients a hope of life. An initial hundred-percent success is not to be expected, but I suggest reference to the history of blood transfusion and its eventual success. If one were to agree that organ transplants are "tampering with nature," one could just as feasibly claim the same for the wearing of clothes or the taking of tablets to cure a cold.

\$2 to Mr. Carl Belle, Bedford Park, S.A.

BEING a person for whom medical science has as yet no cure, I feel that the question of heart transplants should be left to those concerned, and no others. If there were even the slightest chance of rectifying my deformity, I would take it. Whether it were a success or not, it would be of great importance to me to know that the knowledge gained would be a step forward in helping others — which is more than any theories could achieve.

\$2 to Miss F. de Plater, Canberra, A.C.T.

FROM the earliest days of medicine and surgery, new treatments and techniques have been regarded with suspicion — or worse. Yes, there are frightening possibilities about such revolutionary procedures as organ transplants. It is to be hoped that thorough investigation of the subject will be followed by strict controls at government level. No chance of life, however slight, must be denied one human being in order to save another.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Pack, Monbulk, Vic.

SHOULD cancer research stop because curing cancer will interfere with nature? Would you let your child die rather than give anti-tetanus injections or a blood transfusion? I wouldn't. If my heart will give someone else a chance to live when I die, I hope that surgeons will use it. Medicine doesn't "tamper with nature," it lends a helping hand. When nature makes a mistake, the science of medicine can sometimes correct it.

\$2 to Mrs. K. L. Rowe, Westernport, Vic.



LETTER BOX

New settlers, 1968

AS a middle-aged migrant of six months, may I say that successful settlement depends largely on oneself. Before migrating we forced ourselves to realise two things. That, as we wished to give our children a good start in life, it was most unlikely we could ever afford to revisit our homeland, and that each country is unique, all with advantages and disadvantages. So armed, we departed, determined to become part of a new community as unobtrusively and quickly as we could.

\$2 to "Happy Homemaker" (name supplied), Beaumaris, Vic.

Festive marker

FOR the first time I have seen the perfect way to indicate at which house to drop little ones invited to a birthday party. As we turned the corner, there, halfway down the street, was a cluster of balloons attached to the outdoor light-fitting of the birthday house.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Grigg, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

Point of view

I WAS expecting our first baby, and when my husband saw me lifting two heavy rocks for our new rockery he was aghast. "For goodness' sake!" he shouted. "You know you shouldn't be doing that heavy carrying. Put them into the wheelbarrow and push them."

\$2 to "Helping Hand" (name supplied), Booval, Qld.

Farsighted

WHEN we had to announce an expected new arrival, I overheard an interesting conversation. Ten-year-old: "Did you know that Mum has a new baby in her tummy?" "Has she? Was I there?" "Yes." "Were you there?" "Yes." A thoughtful silence. Then, "Gosh, did you have your glasses on?"

\$2 to "Grateful Mother" (name supplied), Joondanna, W.A.

Not wanted on voyage

LEAVING on an overseas trip, I was amazed to see the hundreds of large, expensive baskets of fruit and flowers given to passengers as farewell gifts. Often there is no room for these in the cabins, and on my ship the stewards put the flowers in vases on the dining-room tables. After two days they vanished. I think such gifts are a great mistake. If friends want to give a gift, give something small. Readers may have some good suggestions.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Ward, Mullumbimby, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

LIKE MOTHER MAKES

HOME cooking has a high reputation.

Boarding houses are proud to claim that they provide it. Soldiers at wars dream of coming back to it.

So I was a little surprised to hear the remarks of a visiting musician, Kirby Stone, when he was interviewed on the radio.

Mr. Stone said he had been travelling around for years. He was asked if he missed home cooking.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I'm not all that keen on home cooking. I'd rather have my meals at a good hotel."

It is true that the cooks in many homes are well below *cordon bleu* chef standard.

Why, then, does home cooking inspire so much loyal regard?

For one thing we have it when we are young. It is habit-forming.

I am reminded of a little girl who was staying with her aunt and was not eating well.

Her aunt asked her anxiously what kind of food she liked. She replied: "Mummy's food."

Mummy's food may not be fancy, but it is usually adjusted to the



tastes of the consumers. If Andrew, 7, does not like gravy, he is not given gravy.

I know a girl who prefers runny honey to hard honey, even though it is more tricky to handle. So the honey in her home is of the runny type.

Little touches like this give home catering its custom-made quality.

At its best, home food is fresh from the stove. Often the cook has to yell to the consumers: "Jacque-

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A concrete suggestion

● A Sydney cement firm is experimenting with "dainty cement bags" small enough for women to handle.



Men are too kind. How thoughtful to invent A dainty little bag to hold cement So that our lesser strength we shouldn't tax! What next? A half-size crowbar and a mini-axe?

They offer you, as ever, home and hearth. Some say they lead you up the garden path. Well, fair enough. Alternative's the shelf, But nowadays you make the path yourself.

— Dorothy Drain

Outdated manners?

WHY is it that parents insist their children conform to rules of table behaviour for no better reason than that it is "the done thing"? What does it matter? Does doing otherwise hurt anyone? A glass or cup is less likely to be dropped if held with two hands. We live in the 20th century, not the tradition-riddled past. Can it possibly matter if forks are held with prongs facing up or down?

\$2 to "Everythingtogether" (name supplied), East Kew, Vic.

Culinary wisdom

A QUOTATION on the flyleaf of an old cookery book: "We can live without music, poetry, and art; We may live without conscience and live without heart."

We may live without friends and live without books, But civilised men cannot live without cooks."

\$2 to "Angela" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

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THE TOUCH OF BLACK

Here, the new look of black accessories brings excitement and chic to winter fashions. Black worn with any bright color, black with pastels, and the subtle pairing with white or with a plaid. In today's fashions, accessories are no longer an afterthought.

The correct choice of accessories can change an outfit from "out" to "in."

— BETTY KEEP



● Tomato-red coat worn with sooty-black accessories (above) is a new color twosome in fashion. The design is half-belted, has shirt-tail slits at the side, and black button trim.



● Black accessories dramatise the coat at right. The material is white wool criss-crossed in blue. The design is straight-cut and has a concealed fastening and pockets placed high and low.

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Finding a home for orphans

■ When the news broke that Dame Zara Holt had been quietly sponsoring an eight-year-old Tibetan orphan girl, Tensin Dolma, for almost a year, it provided a bonanza for the Tibetan Children's Aid Committee of Australia.

"We have just sponsored our 50th child," said delighted Victorian representative Mrs. W. Cockerill with whom Dame Zara conducted her original negotiations.

"Now we want to arouse the same interest in what we call half-orphans, who are just as needy as full orphans."

Fifty orphans are the quota for the home built by Australian contributions at Dharmasala, in India. But Mrs. Cockerill is convinced room can be made for half-orphans in homes established by other countries who subscribe to The Tibetan Homes Foundation.

Homes in the Himalayan centres of Mussoorie, Simla, Darjeeling, and Dharmasala are financed by Canada, New Zealand, U.S.A., Switzerland, and England.

Principal of the Australian home is the Dalai Lama's sister, Mrs. Pena Gyalpo.

Like Dame Zara, most Australian sponsors want to establish a personal contact with their orphans.

Birthdays and Christmas are remembered with gifts, and because the children learn English they can write their own "thank you" notes. They also supply photographs.

"Eight dollars a month supports one of these children and sponsors can have a real participation in the upbringing of the child," Mrs. Cockerill emphasised. "They can state the period of time for which they wish to sponsor, too."



COMPACT

EVERYTHING'S WILD AT 'THE ZOO'!

● A perfect example of the clothes featured at an outdoor fashion show in New York's Central Park was this outfit worn by Peter Denis Bernard Noone — better known as British pop singer Herman of Herman's Hermits.

His attire included a flowered shirt, wide flowery tie, and pin-striped jacket.

The show introduced Herman's latest venture — a men's boutique called "The Zoo," which specialises in eye-opening plastic clothes and rock-inspired fashions selected by the singer in London.

HER PATTERN OF SUCCESS

MRS. Marjorie Cooper, of Devonport, Tas. (right), has a lively imagination, nimble fingers, meticulous attention to detail, and a lifetime history of piecework-by-hand.

Our color designs for three rugs in the May 22 issue prompted Mrs. Cooper to write to tell us of her household of knitted and crocheted rugs, quilts, mats, and pictures, to say nothing of embroidered linen stool-covers, curtains, and cushions.

Mrs. Cooper, a dressmaker, has been doing her projects on the side "ever since I can remember." On their present scale they go back at least 30 years.

Her masterpiece (pictured far right) consists of 78 knitted 10in. squares, each in different colors and with a different motif.

"Many of these," she writes, "I designed and



drafted myself — first verse of 'Bless This House,' a map of Tasmania, my hand showing my wedding ring, moon and stars, Redpa (where we were living at the time), our canary in his cage, a heart enclosing the initials of my husband and myself (A.M.), an old-world garden, music notes and piano keys, the date of our wedding with two bluebirds of happiness and our names.

"What I could not design

I copied from patterns, and most of these had to be either enlarged or decreased to scale to fit the size square.

"There are birds, animals, people in action, an angel, fruit, flowers, nursery rhymes. I have had the patterns for Miss Muffet and Bo-Peep for 35 years. The Sydney Harbor Bridge was copied from a crocheted jug-cover.

"Most of the squares took four hours to knit, but some (Bo-Peep, for example) were more complicated and took six to eight hours.

"We use the completed rug as a bedspread."

In her diversity of projects Mrs. Cooper uses squares and scraps of materials left over from dressmaking, and oddments of wool saved over the years.

"This hobby has given me tremendous personal satis-

faction, at little cost, and with considerable saving."

This is not the first time Mrs. Cooper's activities have won her a place in *The Australian Women's Weekly*. In September, 1965, when she was Mrs. Marjorie Blackwell, we reported on her book of recipes and household hints — resulting, Mrs. Cooper writes, in an Australia-wide sellout of all 1000 copies printed.



Look what she has brought to light

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Susan Simons, of Concord, N.S.W., is using one hobby to help indulge another.

Susan likes doing up bric-a-brac, and she's mad about motor-cycles. So she converts old ships' kerosine lanterns to decorative house lights, sells them, and banks the profits.

By the time she's ready for her licence, she hopes to have enough money to buy a motor-cycle.

Susan buys the lanterns from a shipwrecker's yard in the Balmain area.

"They're from 60 to 100 years old," she said, "and were used on ships plying between Britain and Australia. When I get them they're covered with rust, and the glass is cracked or broken, or missing altogether.

"Cleaning the lanterns is the worst job. I scrub off the rust with a wire brush, then wash them."

When the lanterns are dry, Susan paints

each one with rust-proof paint and fills in its six sides with colored glass.

Every so often, when she has enough ready, Susan advertises her lanterns in the "For Sale" columns of a newspaper.

"The response has been very good, especially from people doing up terrace houses in areas like Paddington.

"They can use them as kerosine lanterns or have them converted to electricity."

The idea of converting ships' lanterns to house lights was the result, Susan said, of her interest in houses. She wants to be an architectural draughtsman, and attends Sydney Technical College three nights a week as part of a four-year course.

At the moment Susan is on the lookout for other old bric-a-brac to do up and sell to swell the motor-cycle fund.

"Unusual pieces of furniture, for instance," she said. "People like something different for their homes. That's why the lanterns have been such a success."



● Susan holds one of the lanterns she converts.

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TRAVELLER'S TALE

The day I watched for leaping salmon

By

A. R. WILLIAMS

A Lancashire woman now living in Victoria, Mrs. Williams tells of a day in the Welsh mountains with a surprise ending.

SIXTY years or so ago my mother was a Modern Woman — one of the first to ride a bicycle around the Liverpool area of England in bloomers.

But she found someone brave enough to marry her, and moved 20 miles east, so that when my turn came, I joined the Manchester Wheelers and the Cyclists' Touring Club.

I was definitely plain and knew it, but was strong and healthy, and the Wheelers were apt to judge a girl's calves on muscularity rather than elegance.

The more I rode the farther I could, and I loved cycling — perhaps partly because I knew no nice boy with poor enough eyesight to take me on.

I had a decent-looking pair of legs, though, and I remember that when I first rode in shorts Dad didn't care for it, but Mum said she wished they'd been thought of in her day.

It was Mum who encouraged me to make my first tour with two work-mates. We spent eight days in north and mid-Wales.

When I came to Australia I was terribly disappointed in Kosciusko, because I'd heard it was twice as high as Y Wyddfa, the main Snowdonian peak. It turned out to be an excrescence on a very high tableland.

But that first cycle tour of Wales was very thrilling indeed, because Snowdon, the Carnedd, Glyder Fawr and other 3000-footers stand up, bare and rugged, from lowlands and really look like mountains.

From Caernarvon town to the head of Llanberis Pass, below Snowdon, is 11 miles, nearly all uphill, and it took us a whole morning.

There had been a good deal of rain, and if you think rain spoils a holiday, go and cycle down Llanberis Pass after a thoroughly wet night, and watch a hundred waterfalls tumbling from Snowdon on your left and Carnedd Llewellyn on your right, to join the Peris River roaring down to the Menai Straits.

We stayed the night at a CTC cottage above Bettws y Coed, almost opposite the Conway Falls, and spent part of the evening just watching the falls, an unforgettable sight in that wet summer.

Early in the morning, at the suggestion of our nice landlady, who spoke Welsh better than English, we climbed the hill above the house.

Far over the valley in which, near Bettws, half a dozen beautiful mountain streams swell the River Conway, we could see a good ten or 12 of the chief Snowdonian peaks through which we had journeyed, rising, as

though baseless, out of pearl-white mist.

Jill and Daph wanted to get going immediately after breakfast, but I wanted to have one last look at the Conway Falls. To one side of them, in years past, had been built a salmon ladder, a series of rock pools from bottom to top, so that the fish could reach the upper river to spawn. It looked so natural a part of the falls, no stranger could have known. I did want to see a salmon jump!

I was the strongest rider, so I said to the others, "You go on. I'll catch you up."

I went to the foot of the falls, and sat on a rock, watching. The waters of the Conway and Machno, which join just above, were coming down in great volume, magnificent and almost deafening. No salmon leaped.

The water must have hypnotised me, for, when I looked at my watch, I realised the girls had been gone three-quarters of an hour. They would be wild!

I made fast time to Pentrefoelas, but after that

friends and I thought you were one of them."

"A couple of girls passed," he said. "But that was some time ago. They didn't see me. My bike's over there with my tent"—he pointed toward a gleam of water.

"Oh, well," I said, "I shall have to hurry to catch them, that's all." And I marched past him with my chin up.

He let me get about six yards then called, "I say, Agnes!"

I was so surprised that I turned round. "What did you say?"

He strolled up. "One of those girls seemed cross, and said, 'Come on, we won't wait for Agnes.'"

I didn't like his grin. It was a wicked expression.

He said casually, "Are you going to be undignified and chase after them, a good 40 minutes ahead, or would you like to look at a really beautiful lake?"

He indicated the gleam of water, and I said sharply, "No, thank you. I must get on. Goodbye."

I wasn't quite at the crest of the hill, but the gradient was easy enough for me to ride and I got on, meaning to get away quickly. But to my horror I felt the back tyre bump and knew I had a puncture. Worse, my pump was faulty.

I got off, threw my bike on the road-edge, and began to pump. Some air got into the tyre but there was not enough pressure.

The enemy had disappeared — but only for minutes. He came back through

A far-distant figure

the long, dragging hills began. I walked, pushing the bike and its heavy saddlebag, a good four miles of the climb up the Mynydd.

So it was with pleasure and relief that at last I saw a shorts-clad figure. It looked like Jill.

I waved, and after a second or two the figure waved, a little doubtfully.

Was it Jill? No. Jill was wearing green shorts.

And then I woke up to the fact that I had been waving not only to a perfect stranger but one of the opposite sex. And he had waved back.

I don't think I was more nervous than the average girl, or I couldn't have cycled so much and so far, but nervous I was, as I drew near.

The man was not very young, and large and sinewy, toughish, not very good-looking. I felt my face redden as he wished me, I thought, a rather too friendly "Good morning," but felt I had to explain.

"Good morning. I expected to catch up with some

the heather, carrying a large, efficient-looking pump.

"This might do a better job."

He gave some swift strokes and felt the tyre. "No good, you'll have to come and see that llyn, after all."

"Why?" I asked.

"Nearest water to find this puncture."

I hesitated, then decided to risk it.

The man grinned again. "Don't worry, Agnes!"

It was a beautiful view down that long llyn, and he mended the puncture quickly and efficiently. He knew the country well, as a Welshman should, and pointed out the best views, the antiquities of Denbigh on its mount, and the first glimpse of the sea over Prestatyn. We arrived more than two hours after Daph and Jill.

We toured considerably together both before and after we were married. We still do, though on this side of the globe it's in a car. He's still got that wicked, annoying grin.

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ON THE BANK OF



Mr. and Mrs. M. Sprague's home on the Riviera at Surfers Paradise has white bagged-brick walls and a walled garden facing the road. Garage is at right.



● Leaving the land in Victoria to live in Queensland, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Sprague looked for a climatic change in peaceful surroundings and found both in a waterfront home on the Riviera at Surfers Paradise.

Architect Robin Gibson designed the sophisticated courtyard house, which is on the bank of a man-made waterway and looks toward the mountains. The Spragues have called it "Charlemont," after the

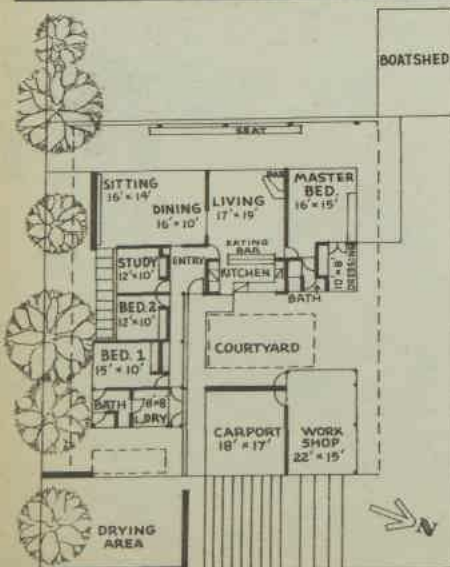
sheep and cattle property where they formerly lived near Geelong, Victoria.

"Charlemont," Surfers Paradise, is approached through a delightful paved courtyard. Among a variety of luxuriant plants, banana trees flourish alongside a sturdy bisexual papaw and there are two pineapple plants which have already yielded one fruit each.

Living on a waterfront has

Story: Jean Bruce

Pictures: Bob Millar



Terrace of grey-blue slate, 60ft. long, overlooks the water and is a delightful spot for relaxing or entertaining. Doors at left lead to the large living-rooms.

Sitting / dining - room opens to the terrace through the doors of bronze glare-proof glass at right. Hoop-pine ceiling turns down to form pelmet for the curtains.



A MAN-MADE WATERWAY

HOUSE
of the
WEEK



another advantage — a crab trap dropped from the dinghy in front of the house can, and often does, yield delicious fresh mud crabs.

The house is designed so that all general living is in one part. Guest rooms are separate and open to a corridor from which high windows look on to the courtyard.

Pale honey-colored hoop-pine ceilings in all main rooms have a satin finish and make a harmonious foil for the furnishings.

Courtyard entrance, paved with slate, has a small waterfall tumbling over graded levels. The plants here include bananas, two pineapples, and a bisexual papaw.

Living-room (below) is designed for casual comfort, has well-equipped kitchen and servery at one end, a bar at the left, and gay circular rugs on the cork-tiled floor.



View of the Spragues' house from the opposite bank of the man-made waterway at Surfers Paradise shows the long terrace and boathouse (left).







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THE POISON TREE

Fate travelled with them
... first instalment of a
two-part mystery serial

By JEAN DIXON

THE bus was the only thing that moved along the eerie desert road. The landscape, in its immensity and desolation, belonged to a silent and largely unpeopled world, a land of stark contrasts, strongly colored, deeply shadowed, compelling.

The tourist bus, travelling westwards from Alice Springs, was bound for Ayers Rock, three hundred miles away, a destination they were due to reach by 6.30 p.m.

It was early in the day. A cold wind was blowing. In the distance, to the north, a section of the MacDonnell Range thrust its porpoise humps out of a thin mist.

Red sandhills, blown into swaths and corrugations and hard-baked during the summer, were deeply shadowed in each fold and crescent. Mulga trees, dotting the expanse as far as the eye could see, etched their needle foliage against the sky.

There was little conversation. The great red plain seemed to have hypnotised the passengers, who sat with their eyes glued to the panorama that was unfolding beyond the grimy windows.

Only Mr. Winslow seemed indifferent to the passing scene. It was such a waste for him to be occupying the front seat that Miss Bland glared at his broad back with resentment. She couldn't imagine why anyone would travel hundreds of miles to Central Australia if he had no intention of looking at it.

To page 36

How to tell lies about your age and get away with it. Guaranteed.



A simple promise:

Use Helena Rubinstein Ultra Feminine cream every night for 30 nights.

Within this time Helena Rubinstein pledges your complexion will look younger. Noticeably younger. If this is not entirely true we refund every cent you paid.

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As you grow older, nature doesn't care for your skin as she did when you were younger. And when nature gets lazy, you can't afford to be. You must put moisture back to fight dryness and those little lines around face and neck that give your age away.

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Nobody knows more about skin care than Helena Rubinstein. We've made it a science.

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The natural things that keep it young.

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Ultra Feminine feeds your skin with vital and rare bio-energizers. They penetrate to the cellular layer of the skin and increase the flow of natural oil and moisture. They keep skin firm and lineless and wonderful. Ultra Feminine will keep the years at bay. We pledge it.

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LULUBELLE



"I wish you wouldn't treat me like a ten-year-old ...
You seem to forget I'll be 11 next month."

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

James P. Winslow, identifiable from the lettering on a briefcase on the rack above him, continued to stare ahead. The seat he occupied was a single one across from the driver. Miss Bland watched him with a certain amount of speculation. The cut of his clothing was different.

Millicent Bland, thin and synthetically dark-haired, was the proverbial bundle of nerves. Secretary to a high-ranking Government official, Miss Bland, aged forty-seven, was loyal and conscientious and she worried about everything.

Winslow was an American oil company executive. He had been

attending a conference with his local associates at a town on the east coast and, having received certain information concerning the Alice Springs-Ayers Rock area, he'd decided to give it an unofficial inspection.

The big man was finding the journey tedious, but had chosen this mode of travel so that he could see the country at first hand.

There was a commotion in the air some distance away. A few moments later a helicopter hovered over them.

Winslow leaned forward in his seat, displaying interest at last.

"What's the 'copter doing out this way?" The pleasant drawl

suggested the country of his origin.

The driver, Neville Paxton, a hatchet-faced, rather stern young man, glanced briefly in Winslow's direction.

"They're lookin' for oil."

"Any signs?"

"Dunno, they don't say much."

The conversation lapsed.

At mid-morning the driver pulled in through a gate in a corrugated-iron fence; an ugly fence built to keep encroaching sand at bay, but beyond it and surrounding a cement-rendered house, a desert garden bloomed in defiance of heat and wind. A dusty sign swinging at the gatepost bore the inscription The Oasis Cafe.

"Could anyone do with a cup of tea?" Paxton asked. "We'll be here for about half an hour."

The last person out of the bus was a woman with strange green eyes, last, that is, except for James P. Winslow, who had ignored the driver's announcement.

Miss Belinda Storey, thin, tall, and energetic, was fitting a roll of film into her camera. She seemed to be in a state of excitement and sprang down the steps with a totally unnecessary display of energy.

Millicent Bland had stopped ahead of her to admire an arching bougainvillea vine with another of the passengers. Mrs. Walters, on holiday with her husband, Charles, was a typical housewife, in good circumstances, comfortable, pink-cheeked, and with a mauve rinse in her hair.

Belinda stayed with them at the front of the building to look over the garden with its cacti and flowering plants, its background of desert oaks swaying in a breeze that freshened suddenly into sharp gusts. Hurrying after the others the women found themselves in a large dining-room.

THE passengers, gradually becoming acquainted, stood about in groups. A worried-looking young woman in blue denim pants was pouring tea from an outside pot.

"It must be lonely for you out here," Miss Bland said as the young woman filled her cup.

"Not really!" The girl gave no sign that it was a question she was often asked. "My husband's usually here, and my little boy, and busloads of people coming in almost every day — it's quite a busy life."

Paxton appeared from the kitchen with another large teapot. He was evidently quite at home here.

"There's a storm coming up. I've just been checking on the radio." He spoke quietly as he placed the teapot beside the young woman, whose name was Sally De Beer.

"What are you going to do?" "Go on, I guess. Not much use waiting around for it."

A large woman in tweeds had detached herself from one of the groups and was crossing toward them.

"Oh, driver! I wonder if you can tell me — will there be any medical supplies available out at the Lodge?"

Paxton looked at her unsmilingly.

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Adams. You know I advised you on that point before leaving Alice Springs. What was it you wanted?"

Mrs. Adams was about sixty. She had a florid complexion. Her tall figure and outside bosom bore an air of command.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I was thinking more of what might be needed in an emergency."

She gave him a rather penetrating look.

"I was travelling in Papua last year. Nasty thing happened! Man was poisoned! We didn't have so much as mustard for an emetic. Still, I suppose you have medical supplies on hand."

"Oh, yes," said Paxton drily, "and we have a Flying Doctor Service, too, should you be needing it."

Mrs. Adams looked out of the

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THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

window in a vaguely uneasy way. Spirals of dust drifted across the roadway. Then, for the first time, she noticed a woman standing a few feet away; a woman who was sipping the last of her tea and setting her cup back in the saucer; and who appeared to be deep in thought.

"I can't believe it!" the woman murmured, almost to herself. "It's too much of a coincidence!"

She was from South Africa, a Mrs. Gordoni. She was short and slim, with dark eyes and rather pointed features. Her hair, silver-blond and very fine, was taken back plainly from her face, but the effect was elegant, and hinted at a sophistication not apparent in the other women.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Adams, "I didn't catch what you said."

Her eyes appraised Mrs. Gordoni's perfectly cut slacks and antelope jacket. It was an outfit much too expensive for a bus ride to the back of nowhere.

MRS. GORDONI was looking fixedly across the room. Her eyes widened as though in recognition of someone and her lips parted as though she had received a shock.

Mrs. Adams looked at her in concern.

"Don't you feel well, Mrs. . . ."

"I'll be all right in a moment . . . thank . . . you." Lisa Gordoni tried to smile, without quite succeeding.

The passengers were beginning to make their way back to the bus.

No one but Mrs. Adams had witnessed the sudden change in Mrs. Gordoni, and Mrs. Adams knew fear when she saw it. She had seen it the year before in New Guinea on the face of Dr. Torbutt a few hours before he died . . .

Mr. Winslow had evidently fortified himself with something during their absence. The rounded cheeks were pinker. He was even disposed to look up with a slight smile as the driver swung back into his seat.

Septimus Ord had changed his position and was now seated beside Mrs. Adams. He gave the impression of being a simple man, but his name was well known in the field of geophysics. Septimus, however, preferred to discuss plants.

He was contemplating a sprig of bright leaves that had evidently been picked from The Oasis garden. He held it out for Mrs. Adams' inspection.

"I wonder if you'd know what this is?"

Mrs. Adams took the sprig from his hand. She looked at it closely and was raising it toward her nose when he stopped her.

"It's supposed to be poisonous. I'd be careful if I were you."

"What little I ever knew about botany has long been forgotten, I'm afraid," Mrs. Adams confessed, as she returned the sprig, "but what makes you think it's poisonous?"

Ord pursed his lips as he peered again at the leaves. He was a small man, moon-faced, and somewhere in the late 'fifties. His head, with its sparse grey hair, thrust forward from a wrinkled neck, while his spectacles, precarious on a beaky nose, were unusually thick-lensed.

"I'm just out from England," he said. "I've been reading up on your native plants and this one, if I'm correct, is Duboisia hopwoodii."

"Oh, really?"

"The thing was that an extraordinary child accosted me in The Oasis garden," Ord said. "A boy

about five or six. Never saw anything like it. He was pokin' at a dead dog when I first caught sight of him. Pokin' at it with a stick. It'd died painfully, too, poor creature."

"What a horrible child. What did you do?"

"Well, naturally, I told him it wasn't nice — what he was doing. He gave up after that. Next thing he'd pulled a few twigs from a plant growin' there in a tub. Look, mister," he said, "that's a poison tree . . . it's got thallium in it!"

"What an extraordinary child!" Mrs. Adams, her interest aroused, was moved to repetition. "And the words children use these days. Thallium, indeed!"

To page 39



The satisfier:



Rosella Cream Style Sweet Corn

Just made for families that suddenly get hungry any old time of day! Rosella's plump, delicious sweet corn, in its own smooth creamy sauce, pure natural goodness. Serve it sizzling hot on toast. Or as an extra vegetable. Just heat, and eat. Try Rosella Tomato Snack, too, and Rosella Vegetable and Sausage Snack—very satisfying.

Rosella's Hearty Snacks—the satisfiers!



RIVETS



DRESS SENSE

by
BETTY KEEP

- The jumper dress below right — it can be worn with or without a sweater—is my design choice for a young Melbourne reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"Could you help me with a problem? My bust is only 31½ in. and I am searching for a pattern for a jumper dress this

size. I intend making the dress in a beige wool and would like a suggestion for a contrast color for the sweater."

Illustrated below right is the design you wrote about. A pattern is available in your size. My choice for a contrast color would

be purple (illustrated) or scarlet. The gold belt is optional. To order the pattern, underneath the illustration are details.

"Could you please tell me the colors I should wear? I have fair skin and grey hair."

You can wear dove-grey, all shades of blue, olive-green, and light and dark pink. Unless you have a high color, avoid black and chocolate-brown.

"I have just bought a red velveteen dress with a white collar. What color should I choose for stockings and shoes? I am 16 and have dark hair and eyes."

My choice would be white stockings worn with black shoes.

"My son is being married next month at 3.30 p.m. As the wedding is to be small and very informal, I wondered if it would be necessary to dress up."

The mother of the bridegroom should look attractive. My choice would be a dress and matching

jacket in a color to flatter your eyes and hair. Wear a pretty hat.

"My sister, aged five, is to be a flowergirl at my wedding. Would she be correctly dressed in a short or long frock?"

The traditional flowergirl dress is ankle-length. However, there is nothing against a flowergirl wearing a short-skirted design.

"Could you please assist me with some fashion etiquette? I am being married for the second time and wonder would it be correct for my young daughter to be my attendant?"

It is quite correct for your daughter to be your attendant.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for a bare-shouldered evening dress? I have 4½ yds. of 36 in. moire silk in a rose shade to make the dress. I would like a color suggestion for accessories."

Our pattern department has a good design for a floor-length, strapless dress with a deep side fold attached to a foundation. My choice for accessories to go with rose-pink would be silver kid. If you wear gloves, have them in white skin. To order the pattern, quote Vogue pattern 7111, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Quit feeling tired within 4 days?

Taking new Accomin 300 adult tonic concentrate once a day, most people notice results in about 4 days. You see, if you've been feeling a little tired, or worn out, or easily fatigued, it can be because your body lacks certain vitamins or isn't making full use of the food you eat. New Accomin 300 — is the first full adult tonic specially formulated to help you beat this sort of tiredness safely, without drugs or stimulants. Unlike conventional tonics, Accomin 300 does not stop at just vitamin and iron supplementation, but also gives you important L-Lysine.

This is an essential amino acid which helps you get more protein-energy from the food you eat. So, if you've been feeling tired lately, or if you're recovering from an illness, Accomin 300 could be just what you need. (It's sugar-free). As we said, most people notice results in about 4 days. Your Family Chemist has it — why not start on new Accomin 300 adult tonic concentrate today?

Get more from the food you eat
Accomin 300 TONIC



4683.—Jumper dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust. Butterick pattern 4683, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"Little beggar said that it would kill me if I ate one leaf. He called it camel poison, and while I wouldn't normally place any credence on what a child of that age might say, I'm pretty sure it's the same thing as hopwoodii."

Mrs. Adams looked at the leaves. They seemed harmless enough, but she recalled from her childhood that bright green had always been suspected of being poisonous.

"If you wouldn't mind opening the window for a moment, Mr. Ord, we could dispose of this twig, whether it's poisonous or not."

Septimus leaned across and opened the window. A second later the leafy sprig was tossing violently in the cloud of dust churning behind the vehicle.

Mrs. Walters sat placidly beside her husband, her ample proportions swaying comfortably and acting as a highly efficient shock-absorber against the movement of the bus.

She was about to remark on the amount of vegetation in the desert, but Charles was asleep. He was often asleep these days. But, of course, he knew the back country better than she did, and he wasn't so interested in talking about it.

Nev Paxton took his hands from the wheel and flexed his fingers. He was tired, and anxiety grew in his mind regarding the storm he could see some miles ahead. He longed to reach the Lodge, which, situated a mile or so from Ayers Rock, was their destination. He wanted to be rid of the responsibility of his passengers.

THE Murdochs would take over at the Lodge, and he would be free to go his own way for a day or two.

Blasted wind! he thought, shivering inside his Army disposals greatcoat, it was cold enough to be Antarctica. People came to The Centre to get warm in winter. That was quite a laugh at the moment.

They were running late, though battling against a headwind, and that wasn't a laugh at all.

The wind was buffeting the roof of the bus and lashing the windscreen with sand. The windows were becoming screened with mud thrust up by the churning wheels. There had been only a few showers the night before in Alice Springs — who could have imagined the road out here could be under water in so many places.

As it grew later and later, Belinda Storey had risen from her seat and was taking purposeful steps toward their driver. It was now half past two in the afternoon. Their schedule included lunch at Tatterback Station, which should have been reached at noon.

"How much farther is it to Tatterback?" hissed Belinda in Paxton's ear. "Can't we stop and make tea or something?"

"I'm trying to beat that storm. We're still fifty miles from Tatterback!"

The progress of the bus had become erratic. There was a constant rattle from somewhere underneath it. The temperature had dropped still further and icy draughts found their way through chinks in the window frames.

Winslow turned to the driver. "You'll have to wipe that windscreen. You can't go on like that, it's dangerous."

"There's nothing to run into on this road."

"Stop the bus!" Winslow said sharply.

Paxton, recognising the voice of authority, brought the bus to a halt. He touched the lever that operated the door and, snatching up a piece of rag, swung himself up out of his seat.

A moment later Winslow lum-

only Tek* ANTI-GERM toothbrushes have germ fighting action

AG concentrate incorporated in bristles... active anti-germ action for life of brush

Johnson & Johnson

GOOD TEETH FOR LIFE

Free Booklet from: Dental Health Education & Research Foundation, Box 3834, G.P.O., Sydney.

TRADE MARK © 1968 FEBRUARY 1968 73164

bered down the steps and stooped to peer under the bus. They all heard him say, angrily: "Your gas tank's come loose!"

"So it has! I thought I heard

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

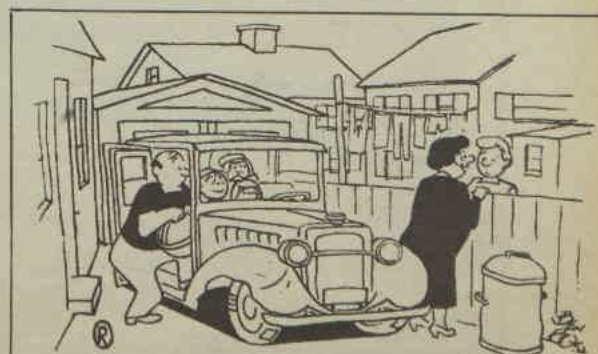
somethin' knockin' a few miles back."

"Then, for pete's sake, why didn't you stop?" the American demanded tensely. As soon as it became evident that it would take at least an hour to fix the petrol tank, Belinda Storey called for volunteers to build a fire. Mrs. Gordon declined to join them, explaining that she was not feeling very well.

Mr. Winslow, returning to his seat, had gone almost immediately to sleep, his head resting against the window frame and his large body completely slumped.

Paxton was securing the petrol tank with a piece of steel cable. Other members of the party were wandering about in search of wood for the fire.

To page 52



"NO particular spot. We usually have the picnic at the first place we get a flat tyre!"

LUNCH IS A CRISP, CRISP WEETBIX

School lunch is a
Weet-Bix cheesewich

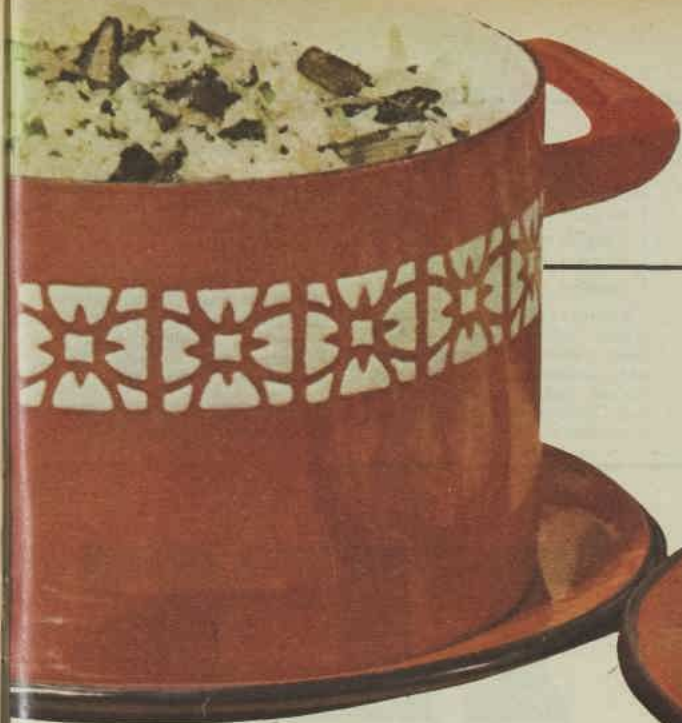


Weet-Bix smothered in butter Marmite, sliced tomato, a layer of cheese. That's the Weet-Bix Cheesewich. And that's one school lunch kids won't swap for anything. You send them off mornings with a satisfied feeling, knowing they're eating another helping of all Weet-Bix natural nourishers, including Vitamin B1. Two Weet-Bix cost just 11¢ and that's value you won't swap for anything.



Don't put the Weet-Bix away after breakfast. They're too good. Sanitarium see to that.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS



MUSHROOMS



● Mushroom and Almond Risotto at back — to serve with many a dish. In front, Chicken and Pork Chop Suey.

● **Add a few mushrooms to a variety of dishes and you add a lot of extra flavor**

TWO kinds of mushrooms are available — the cultivated mushroom, pink-brown underneath and creamy-white topped; and the darker, generally larger, and more open-capped field mushroom, which grows wild.

There's no need to peel the cultivated mushroom; simply trim the stem neatly. The field mushroom can also be left unpeeled if it is young, with a delicate pink-brown tinge under the cap; older field mushrooms will need to be peeled.

Field mushrooms need to be washed before use. Place trimmed mushrooms in colander, let warm water run over

them gently. Toss them lightly, be careful not to bruise or break. Drain well and pat dry. Don't let them soak in water; this takes away flavor.

For commercial mushrooms, a wiping with a clean, damp cloth is generally sufficient.

For best flavor, mushrooms should be used as soon as possible after buying. They contain a lot of water and if kept too long the water evaporates; the mushrooms become dry and shrivelled through dehydration.

However, if you want to keep them for a short period — a week is maximum — put them, unwashed, into a plastic bag. Secure the top of bag firmly with rubber band. Or they can be stored in a plastic food container with firm fitting lid, or securely wrapped with several thicknesses of plastic food wrap. In all cases, keep them refrigerated.

Dried Chinese mushrooms are also available. To reconstitute, wash in lukewarm water, then put into heatproof basin, pour over almost boiling water to cover. Let stand 20 to 30 minutes; drain, pat dry. Then use in cooking as you would ordinary mushrooms.

In this feature we give suggestions for serving mushrooms in many different and delightful ways.

CHICKEN AND PORK CHOP SUEY

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 3lb. chicken | 1 sliced onion |
| 1lb. pork | 4oz. mushrooms |
| 2 tablespoons soy sauce | 3 sticks celery |
| 1-3rd cup sweet sherry | 1lb. beans |
| 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate | 1 large red pepper |
| cornflour | 2 cups cauliflower flowerets |
| 2 tablespoons oil | 2 tablespoons arrowroot |
| 1 clove garlic | salt, pepper |

Boil or steam chicken until tender, allow to cool. Reserve 4 cups of stock in which chicken cooked. Cut pork into thin strips, marinate for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in combined sherry, soy sauce, and monosodium glutamate; drain, reserving marinade. Toss pork strips in cornflour. Joint the chicken, roll each piece in cornflour. Heat oil in pan, add chicken and pork; cook until golden brown and pork is cooked through. Remove from pan. Cut chicken meat from the bones in large bite-size pieces.

Crush garlic, cut mushrooms in halves or slices. Cut celery and beans into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. sections and red pepper into 1 in. squares. Combine beans and cauliflower in saucepan, pour boiling water over; allow to return to boil, then drain at once. Add a little extra oil to frying pan, if needed. Fry all vegetables for 3 minutes, remove from pan.

Add reserved chicken stock to pan, bring to boil. Stir in seasonings and arrowroot, which has been blended with reserved marinade. Stir until sauce boils and thickens. Add vegetables, chicken, and pork, simmer gently for 2 to 3 minutes until heated through. Serve with fried rice.

Serves 6 to 8.

MUSHROOM AND ALMOND RISOTTO

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 large onion | 1lb. mushrooms |
| 1oz. butter or substitute | 1oz. slivered almonds |
| 1lb. long-grain rice | 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese |
| 1½ pints boiling water | salt, pepper |
| 1 cup white wine | chopped parsley |
| 3 chicken stock cubes | |
| 1oz. extra butter | |

Peel and chop onion. Heat butter or substitute in pan, cook onion until slightly browned, add rice and continue cooking until rice is coated but not browned. Place in greased casserole dish, pour over wine and boiling water blended with crumbled stock cubes; cover. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until rice is tender and all liquid has been absorbed; a little extra boiling liquid may be added and the rice given a little further cooking if you like a softer-grained rice.

Melt extra butter in frying pan, gently fry sliced mushrooms and almonds until mushrooms are tender and almonds are golden brown. Fold mushrooms, almonds, and cheese through rice mixture, adjust seasonings. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Serves 6 to 8.

Continued overleaf
RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



● Mushrooms growing in specially prepared beds on a mushroom farm.

MUSHROOMS *continued*

SAVORY MUSHROOM SPREAD

4oz. mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter or substitute
1 medium onion
4oz. can devilled ham paste
pepper
triangles of hot toast

Finely chop onion and mushroom caps and stems. Melt butter or substitute in small pan, add vegetables and saute over low heat for 3 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Stir in devilled ham paste, season with pepper. Stir over heat until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Serve hot as a savory snack on hot toast.

BAKED CHICKEN LIVERS WITH MUSHROOMS

3lb. chicken livers
4oz. butter or substitute
4 tablespoons chopped parsley
4 tablespoons chopped shallots
4oz. chopped mushrooms
1 cup dried breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon brandy
salt, pepper
nutmeg

Trim livers, soak in cold salted water for 1/2 hour; drain.

Take two sheets of greased aluminium foil approximately 12 by 15in. Spread centre of each with half the butter or substitute, sprinkle with parsley, shallots, mushrooms, and half the dried breadcrumbs. Place livers on top of breadcrumbs and sprinkle with brandy. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, dot with remaining butter and sprinkle over fine layer of breadcrumbs. Wrap up like a parcel and seal well. Place on baking slide, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with rice.

Serves 4.

CHICKEN CACCIATORA

2oz. mushrooms
1 large onion
2 cloves garlic
2 1/2lb. chicken
2 dessertspoons oil
15oz. can whole tomatoes
1/2 cup red wine
salt and pepper

Slice mushrooms and onion. Crush garlic. Joint chicken. Heat oil in a pan, fry chicken pieces till golden brown. Remove from pan, drain on kitchen paper. Fry onion, mushrooms, and garlic till tender. Return chicken pieces to pan, add tomatoes and cook slowly, covered, for 45 minutes. Add wine. Cook 5 minutes longer. Season to taste.

Serves 4.

MUSHROOM QUICHE

PASTRY

1 1/2 cups plain flour
pinch salt
4oz. butter or substitute
1 egg-yolk
1 dessertspoon water

FILLING

1 1/2oz. butter or substitute
2 tablespoons chopped shallots
1lb. sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 eggs
1/2 pint cream
1/2 pint milk
pinch nutmeg
pepper
1oz. grated cheese

Pastry: Sieve flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine bread-

crumbs. Blend the egg-yolk and water, sprinkle over mixture and mix to form a ball of dough. Knead lightly and roll out to fit a 9in. pie dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

Filling: Melt butter or substitute and lightly fry chopped shallots. Stir in sliced mushrooms, salt, and lemon juice. Cover pan and cook gently for 8 minutes. Uncover and cook until the liquid is completely evaporated. Beat the eggs, cream, milk, and season-

ings until well blended; add the mushroom mixture gradually. Pour into pastry shell, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Serves 6.

MUSHROOM PATE

1 small onion
1lb. mushrooms
1 tablespoon butter
pinch pepper, salt
1 crumbled bayleaf
pinch dried ginger

1 clove garlic
1/2 slice bread
cold milk
1 teaspoon melted butter, extra
1 teaspoon cream
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon white wine

Finely chop onion and mushrooms. Melt butter in a pan. Saute onion until transparent; add mushrooms, pepper, salt, bayleaf, ginger, and crushed garlic. Continue cooking gently for 5 minutes.

Remove crust from bread. Soak bread in a little cold milk. Squeeze out liquid, crumble bread into the pan. Stir and fry for another 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat.

Stir in butter, cream, lemon juice, and wine. Spoon mixture into a mortar and pound to mix as well as possible. Push the mixture through a sieve into a small bowl. Refrigerate.

Serve with triangles or fingers of hot buttered toast. Delicious!

IT'S READY THE EXTRA TASTY STRONG ONE

If your husband doesn't believe this is the tastiest cheese in Australia, send back the wrapper and we'll refund your money.

He's tried the tasty ones. Now let him tackle the Strong One—the husky cheese bred for strength. Ageing makes cheese taste strong. And no cheese is aged in Australia for as long as CRACKER BARREL® Extra Tasty.

Well over one year rolls by before it can proudly call itself the Strong One.

Then, and only then, would Kraft allow it to be labelled—CRACKER BARREL Extra Tasty Cheese!

If a good strong cheese is what he's been waiting for—then what are you waiting for? Bring home the Strong One!



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup are used in all these recipes.

KIDNEYS IN WHITE WINE

- 8 sheep's kidneys
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white wine
- 2 sprigs parsley
- 1 small clove garlic
- 1 bayleaf
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme
- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 4oz. mushrooms
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ dessertspoons plain flour
- salt, pepper

Slice skinned kidneys in half, remove hard cores and tubes.

Place kidneys in boiling, salted water, cover and allow to stand off heat for 5 minutes. Drain and wipe dry.

Simmer together the white wine, parsley, garlic, bayleaf, and thyme until liquid has reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup; strain and reserve liquid.

Melt butter in pan, add sliced mushrooms and kidney halves, cook kidneys 2 minutes on each side. Sprinkle with flour, season with salt and pepper, stir in strained liquid. Cook until sauce boils and thickens; do not over-

cook, as kidneys will toughen. Serve with hot rice. Serves 4.

HAM AND MUSHROOM BALLS

- 1 tablespoon butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms
- 1 teaspoon gelatine
- 1 dessertspoon cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced ham
- 2 egg-yolks
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick white sauce
- dried breadcrumbs
- oil for frying

Chop mushrooms finely. Melt butter or substitute in a pan. Cook mushrooms over low heat until tender — approximately 3 minutes. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water. Add all ingredients, except breadcrumbs and oil, to white sauce and mix thoroughly. Refrigerate mixture until firm. Roll into walnut-sized balls. Toss in breadcrumbs; deep fry until golden brown. Makes approx. 36.

Mushrooms growing in beds on a modern mushroom farm.



MUSHROOM FARM

THIS picture of mushrooms growing was taken at Mr. John Baker jun.'s modern mushroom farm, "Glen Ian," Kellyville, N.S.W.

Mushrooms are cultivated here with infinite care, growing in flat beds, several tiers high, filled with special compost.

At "Glen Ian" the mushrooms grow under bright fluorescent lighting. Special temperature-control equipment maintains a constant temperature of between 58 and 62 degrees.

It's a fantastic sight to see hundreds and hundreds of pounds of mushrooms growing. It looks almost like fairyland — you expect to see elves peeping out from every corner. But, "No, it's not fairyland," laughed Mr. Baker. "A mushroom farm is really hard work!"

At "Glen Ian," up to 1200lb. of mushrooms are picked and packed daily. They are picked in three stages of growth: the button mushroom, small, tightly closed; the cap, slightly open, with the veil broken in part; flats — where the mushroom has fully opened out.

PRIZE RECIPE

● This easy-to-make fruit slice will be a winner with everyone and earns a Victorian reader a \$10 prize.

GOLDEN FRUIT SLICE PASTRY:

- 2oz. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- grated rind 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons milk
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour
- pinch salt

FILLING:

- 2 cups sweetened, stewed apples
- 1 cup cake crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut
- 2 tablespoons golden syrup
- 1 teaspoon mixed spice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants
- grated rind 1 lemon

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and lemon rind, beat well. Sift together flour and salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk to form a soft dough. Turn out on to floured board and knead lightly. Roll out half the pastry and line a greased lamination tin.

Combine all filling ingredients. Spread evenly over pastry in tin. Roll out remaining pastry and place on top of filling. Brush lightly with water and sprinkle with castor sugar and cinnamon.

Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream.

\$10 prize to Mrs. K. Chislett, Box 205, Red Cliffs, Victoria 3496.

Brilliant red foil keeps the Strong One fresh for your table.



another good food from Kraft.

*REG'D. TRADE MARK

This is one of the Philips Lamps Eye Care Series presented nationally in the interests of better light for better sight.



THERE WAS A TABLE SET OUT UNDER A TREE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, AND THE MARCH HARE AND THE HATTER WERE HAVING TEA AT IT. A DORMOUSE WAS SITTING BETWEEN THEM, FAST ASLEEP, AND THE OTHER TWO WERE USING IT AS A CUSHION, RESTING THEIR ELBOWS ON IT, AND TALKING OVER ITS HEAD. "VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE DORMOUSE," THOUGHT ALICE. "ONLY, AS IT'S ASLEEP, I SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T MIND." THE TABLE WAS A LARGE ONE, BUT THE THREE WERE ALL CROWDED TOGETHER AT ONE CORNER OF IT. "NO ROOM! NO ROOM!" THEY CRIED OUT WHEN THEY SAW ALICE COMING. "THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM!" SAID ALICE INDIGNANTLY, AND SHE SAT DOWN IN A LARGE ARM-CHAIR AT ONE END OF THE TABLE.

Give your child this eye test tonight.

(Philips Lamps point out that 20% of all school children have faulty eyesight)

How well does your child see?

If your child is of school age, can he read the words above at a distance of 16" without effort?

Of course, this isn't a conclusive test.

Only a professional eye examination can show you how well your child is seeing.

Good light is vital to good vision.

The more your children use their eyes, the more reason for good light.

Poor light can cause discomfort and eye strain.

By using the right lamps that give the correct amount of light where you need it, you avoid harsh contrasts and glare.

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Even if you burn a 100-watt Philips lamp for 48 hours continuously it would cost less than 10 cents.*

Many types of lamps.

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Clear, Pearl, or for a softer, more even light,—Argenta.

For better sight

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*Average domestic rate.

PL1576

Extensive interest in Bake-Off

THE number of entries received daily is proving beyond doubt that our 1968 Bake-Off recipe contest is the most popular ever.

It's a contest open to all home cooks of any age.

The only people not eligible for the Bake-Off are members of staff of any of the organisations connected with the contest and their families, and professional chefs, bakers, and home economists. The contest is again sponsored by the Australian Dairy Board and White Wings Ltd.

This year's Bake-Off has more prizemoney than our 1967 recipe contest; \$11,150, in fact, is waiting to be won.

When the recipes come in they are all checked and the best ones are then test-cooked by home economists to select those that will go on to the Bake-Off finals in Melbourne.

The actual finals in Melbourne will be judged by two overseas personalities in the cookery world — Mrs. Monica Sheridan from Ireland (you may have read an article about her in an earlier edition of the paper) and Signor Edoardo Moglia from Italy.

If you haven't sent in your

recipe yet, what about doing so? It could win you \$4750 in cash and a \$300 Metters cooking range if it is chosen Grand Champion. Or it could win one of the many other prizes. You can send in as many entries as you wish, but each must have a separate entry coupon.

You have only a little over three weeks to send in your entry, because the contest closes on August 9. If you don't enter you just cannot win any of that money being offered.

SEVENTH WEEKLY PROGRESS PRIZE

\$10 to Mrs. L. J. Tangell, William Street, Brighton, Tasmania 7402, for her recipe entered in Section 2 of the Bake-Off.

PEACHY CREAM CHEESE DESSERT

1 small can sliced peaches, drained
6oz. cream cheese
2 tablespoons sugar
2oz. butter

1 egg-yolk
juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1oz. each sultanas and raisins

CAKE MIXTURE

3oz. butter
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar
1 cup plus 1 tablespoon White Wings self-raising flour
1 egg, separated
1 egg-white, extra
1 tablespoon milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
Arrange peach slices in base of a well-greased 8in. cake tin. Cream together cheese, sugar, and

butter, beat in egg-yolk, then add lemon juice and fruit. Mix well. Spread this mixture over peaches in tin. Spread cake mixture evenly over cheese layer. Bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Leave in tin to cool slightly before turning out on to cake cooler.

Cake mixture: Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk, beat well. Fold in flour alternately with milk and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until stiff, carefully fold into mixture until smooth.

Making Chocolate Crackles is child's play

The hardest part is waiting for them to set
(It's quicker to refrigerate them)

On page 67 you will find the full details and an entry coupon for our Bake-Off.

HOME HINTS

● Hints for fishermen and gardeners are among those to win \$2 each this week for the readers who sent them.

Have you a pile of odd saucers? Buy plain-colored cups to match the main colors in the saucers; you can get them quite cheaply at chainstores. These inexpensive harlequin sets will save your good china and are ideal for breakfast and occasional cups of coffee.—Mrs. B. Warren, Dicky Beach, Caloundra, Qld. 4551.

Fisherman's hint. Hang fish-hooks in graduated sizes on large safety pins. You can easily select the size you want without all the hooks getting tangled.—Mrs. V. Williams, Old Northern Road, Maroota, N.S.W. 2756.

Going on holiday? Put a teaspoon of liquid deodoriser in all sinks, tubs, and toilets and you will come home to a house free from the musty odors usually associated with an unused house.—Mrs. M. L. Dennis, 10 Bruarong Ave., Frankston, Vic. 3199.

Wear a pair of thin cotton gloves underneath rubber gloves when gardening to save your hands from perspiring heavily. Wash out the cotton gloves after each wearing.—Miss M. Cooper, 11 Clermiston Ave., Roseville, N.S.W. 2069.

If fringes on tablemats stick together after starching, brush each side from material edge outwards with a plastic fixed-bristle brush.—Mrs. J. A. Jones, 35 Geopraphe Bay Rd., Dunsborough, W.A. 6200.



Chocolate Crackles

Even a couple of hours seems ages to a child waiting to eat scrunchy, delicious Chocolate Crackles!

Ingredients:

- 8 oz. Copha**
- 8 oz. icing sugar
- 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa†
- 1 cup coconut
- 4 cups Kellogg's* Rice Bubbles‡

Method:

Combine the last four ingredients in a good-sized mixing bowl. Melt Copha gently. Pour onto dry ingredients and mix well. Spoon into paper cake cups and allow to set. Makes 2 dozen

N.B. Standard 8 oz. measuring cup used.

* Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
** World Brands Pty. Ltd. Registered User of Trade Mark.
† Cadbury's Registered Trade Mark.
‡ Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

MY guess is that many people regard their childhood as a pretty happy time (or even a very happy time), but they don't have any feeling that it would be nice to get back into that state of carefree dependence, even if it were possible.

Two psychologists from Tel Aviv, reporting their findings in the British Journal of Psychology, have come up with some interesting information on the way people look back on various parts of their lives.

Adults aged between 30 and 50, recalling their memories of life when they were between 20 and 25, recalled five unpleasant things for every three pleasant ones.

Yet all of them agreed that this was a "good" period of their lives, and a third of them said that they would like to return to this age group, while another third preferred childhood, and would have returned willingly to that.

The same tests were applied to children between the ages of eight and 14. They were asked to choose from a set of adjectives to describe their childhoods as being generally happy or generally unhappy, and then they were asked to make a list of their happy and unhappy memories of the years from one to six.

Again, the average child recalled three unhappy memories for every happy one that sprang to mind, even where their general feeling was that their childhood had been a completely happy one.

The interesting thing is that none of these "unhappy" memories recalled were major family tragedies like fatal accidents

● How do you remember your early childhood? As a happy time, a time you'd cheerfully go back to, or a time you wouldn't go back to for all the tea in China?

or the loss of a parent, but minor things like boring times at kindergarten or being made to eat things they didn't like.

And in spite of these unpleasant memories of the period, even some of the children thought childhood so desirable a state that they wouldn't mind going back to it — seven percent of the under-tens, nine percent of the under-twelves, and fourteen percent of the under-fourteens would, given the chance, have gone back to being under-six again.

This bit of the research certainly surprised me. Personally, there wasn't any part of my childhood when I wasn't convinced that it was better to be older. I wouldn't willingly go back to being under six again. Nor would I willingly go back to being under 25.

Childhood memories — pleasant or unpleasant?

BUT 30, now. There was something to be said for that, and, of course, Ogden Nash was the boy to say it. In his "Lines to be Scribbled on Somebody Else's Thirtieth Milestone," he said:

"The thirties are things I wallow among
With naught but pity for the young.
The less long ago that people were born
The more I gaze on them with scorn,
And each Thanksgiving I Thankgive
That I'm slowly learning how to live."

The first bit of the research surprised me, too, until I thought about it a little more. Most people do remember early childhood as a long, halcyon period of sunny weather in which it hardly ever rained, and hardly anything ever happened. So we say it was a happy time — and then we're asked to dredge up individual memories and out pop the irritating or unpleasant ones.

Try it on yourself. Recall the first half dozen memories that come back to you, and then sort them out into "pleasant" and "unpleasant."

I tried it, and the first memory that popped up was totally ridiculous, and yet immediately classifiable as "unpleasant."

The kindergarten I inhabited at four had child-height blackboards all round the room, and I was stopped by a teacher from standing on the outside edges of my feet instead of the soles while drawing on the board.

Why memorable? Why unpleasant? You can search me, but it does suggest (along with the suggestion made by the Tel Aviv

psychologists that unpleasant and sad memories last longer than happy ones) that parents brood too much about the "awful" things they've done to their children in a fit of impatience; or at least they probably brood about the wrong ones, because often enough the most vivid memories aren't particularly comprehensible to the rememberer.

My six memories came out four unpleasant, two pleasant, and just for the record the first pleasant one was being shown, at something under three, a stumpy-tailed lizard.

I can remember being told to look at it and, since I didn't know what I was looking for, I can remember seeing nothing for a long time except the sun shining on a whole lot of fallen leaves.

Then suddenly I saw it (it was as big as a dinosaur, I remember this distinctly), and for some reason this has been filed away for umpteen years, and pops up first on the list as a pleasant memory.

Again, complete confusion for parents, relatives, and kind friends, who doubtless thought that things like Christmas-present dolls and first visits to the zoo would produce happy, red-letter-day memories that would last a lifetime. So they should have. It doesn't make sense, as I didn't grow up to be a zoologist, and have only a mild tolerance for reptiles of any sort.

All it seems to show is that very small children forgive people their kindnesses just as easily as their unkindnesses, and that, whatever their effect, the conscious mind forgets both in favor of things that have a much more mysterious importance.



Pulmex Chest Rub works where coughs start, in the chest. Soothing Pulmex gently clears congested air passages, restores easy breathing, helps sound, restful sleep. It absorbs easily so it works quickly to ease tightness and congestion. And because Pulmex Chest Rub is recommended for children's coughs of colds and throat irritations, it can be used even on the most delicate skins.

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—361 PUL

LOOK OUT, MUM! IT'S A SNAKE!

"WHAT IS A SNAKE? To one of our neighbors it's an absorbing interest (he milks them); to us boys it's a challenge (we catch some for the neighbor's collection); to Mum it's anything that moves."

MUM is a townie turned bushie, and she has died a thousand deaths since leaving the "rat race" for the country's "peace and quiet."

Although there's no TV in our neck of the woods, it's not missed. Mum provides all the entertainment with her antics, the things she has seen or imagined, and the stories she tells.

Mum is blessed with a vivid imagination. She can be watering the garden one second, and the next is breaking the speed record back to the house, all because a leaf or a blade of grass touched her.

Every movement of the many types of creepy-crawlies up our way (even crocodiles — but that's another story) prods her imagination into action. It's a snake! She goes into orbit.

So what does one expect of such a mother when she sees a black snake crawl from under the house, then stop and look at her?

From behind the safety of the gauzed veranda, Mum becomes all polite. "Now don't go away for a while, the boys will be here shortly," she says, smiling into its small, beady eyes.

Often she says there's a snake here, there, or somewhere else, and we want to know why it can't be a twig or toad or lizard. But the laugh's on us when the twig turns out to be a beautifully marked carpet snake, the lizard is found to be a death adder, and the toad is a coiled python. (We grow mighty large toads.)

Poor Mum has had to learn the hard way. We have confronted her with a black-headed python wound

In this light piece of banter about his mother's fear of snakes, North Queensland boy DAVID MORRIS pays a loving—but typically unsentimental and son-like—tribute to her gameness in face of the reptilian menace.

round an arm, or with a flickering tongue from the firmly gripped head of a writhing black whip-snake, or with a carefully held death adder, so mad it was as flat as a belt.

She has even been called on to hold down a snake while the right grip was being taken, or to herd one into a bag. This almost proved her undoing, as the snake reappeared through a hole just below where the string held fast the neck of the bag.

No wonder she has become wary of innocent-looking bags hanging on posts, particularly when they appear to flutter in a non-existent breeze.

Before coming bush, Mum decided she'd better look a brown snake and a taipan in the eye to try to discover how one could be identified from the other. (Lurking in the back of her mind was the distance from medical help and the minutes between life and death.)

She was devastated to learn that neither need necessarily be brown. In fact, she saw some a gunmetal shade. So now all snakes, in Mum's opinion, are browns and taipans.

She's really full of fear, although the experts told her snakes are just as anxious to get away from her as she is to get away from them.

The hibernating period gives Mum a chance to build up her nervous reserves to cope with the mating season, which really has her worried, as experts say snakes are most touchy at this time, and will attack.

They also attack when provoked and sometimes when trodden on, but the way Mum hides her feet and legs a snake would be hard pressed to get a grip.

However, she was really rocked to learn that snakes attack at the smell of fear. The stories we hear of small animals being hypnotised by snakes are wrong. They are immobilised by fear.

"And," says Mum's informant, "if you are as afraid as you say you are, you, too, will smell of fear."

So guess what Mum is doing about it? She's practising running faster!

There's a nickel boom on now—but times once were hard on the goldfields at Kambalda, W.A.

● With Kambalda suddenly in world mining news, a reader from Bassendean, W.A., recalls that it was a very different place when she knew it as a child an era ago.

ON TV recently I saw the new homes built at Kambalda, W.A., for workers in the nickel mines now opening up there, and into my mind crowded pictures of my early life in that place. It was called Red Hill by the goldminers, but Kambalda by the Aborigines.

My father came to Western Australia from Queensland and my mother followed with me, an infant in arms. She began her adventures after landing at Esperance, for while travelling in the Cobb and Co. coach 120 miles to Norseman a branch caught a wheel and the coach all but went over.

We lived in a tent slung over a framework of boughs, using dead ashes to discourage ants. Once there must have been warmth in the ashes, and while my father was on late shift the place caught fire. My mother, in her nightclothes, escaped with me.

We moved on to Widgiemooltha (where salt is now mined), on the eastern side of Lake Lefroy. Here my brother was born, reputedly the first white boy born there.

From there we shifted to Kambalda, where my sister and another brother were born. What brave women they were who made their homes in these outback mining places. No hospitals, no doctors; just a neighbor to help them at such times.

At Kambalda were several shops — a butcher, a general store, a barber, and hotel. These I can see in my mind's eye. The butcher married the hotel-keeper's sister. Later they took up farming, and the material from the hotel became the farmhouse.

For many years as a young woman and later with my own children I visited the farm folk, and their talk of the early days kept my own pictures bright.

I remember the commotion when my mother found a centipede in my sister's cot. A big shovel forms part of that picture; probably the first weapon at hand.

Another incident involved my brother and a ball. The ball rolled down a hole, and my brother went in after it. I ran home and brought my mother, who

stretched herself on the ground to look down into what was evidently an abandoned mining hole.

Then along came a teamster with his wagon and horses. He undid the reins and lowered my mother to get my brother, frightened but only bruised.

The barber opened a tiny school while the men were at work, and my mother took me across the road and left me there.

"Amy, can you say your ABC?" I was asked.

"Yes, ABC, the cat's in the cupboard and can't see me," I replied.

There came shrieks of laughter from the other children, and I rushed home and buried my head in my mother's lap. So began, and ended, my schooldays at Kambalda.

Later we moved to Kalgoorlie, where our first home was near a condenser which helped provide water for the mines. Here I went to a small school run by a lady who had been a missionary in China.

I can see her in her starched grey or blue matron cloth dress with very stiff white cuffs and collar. She was tall, and very erect. We had to sit up straight.

Her hair was tightly drawn back from her face, which was very lined and yellowish. Somehow I always associated this with living in China.

Came the day when the goldfield's water supply was formally opened, the Mt. Charlotte reservoir having been filled with precious water piped 375 miles from Mundaring Weir, in the hills of Perth.

I was nine, and, with my brother, joined the crowd on the hillside. There seemed to be no end of men in dark suits and ladies in white dresses carrying sunshades. Those sunshades seemed to provide a canopy of shelter from the intense heat.

Oh, the joy of a shower bath afterward. Our first bathroom was made of heavy bags, but I am sure none of my grandchildren with H and C laid on can thrill to a shower as we did when we danced in a big tub as the cold water showered on us.

—Mrs. A. Okely

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ABOVE: Outside walls of this Queensland home are Hardiflex Flat Sheets—the front wall being texture-sprayed. Interior walls and ceilings are Hardie's Interior Lining Board. Architect: Donald Spencer & Spencer Pty. Ltd.; Builders: A. Purdon & W. Route.

BELOW (Left): Another Queensland home designed and built by Griffin & Knowlman Pty. Ltd. Lightweight construction techniques were possible in upper storey walls of Hardie's Weatherboard.

BELOW (Centre): Hardie's Flat Sheets clad the walls of this Queensland home which was designed and built by Griffin & Knowlman Pty. Ltd.

BELOW (Right): A Queensland home shows how the lightness of Hardiflex Striated Panels offsets and complements brick and glass. Architect: R. J. Esler; Builder: Jack Rice.



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Architects and designers are using Hardie's building products in exciting new ways for strikingly individual homes!

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another example. So, too, is the pre-manufacture of "sandwich panels" in which two Hardie's sheets are bonded to an insulating core. These exceptionally strong panels are then fitted together on site. The many new uses that architects, designers and builders of custom and project homes have devised for Hardie's Sheets and Panels result in homes like these—with individual personalities. The hidden values of these materials are impressive, too—they're durable, rot-proof, termite-proof and require minimum maintenance.



ABOVE: Roof of this interesting South Australian A-frame home is Hardie's Shingles. End walls are aggregate-faced Hardie's Thick Sheets and balcony deck is Hardie's Thick Compressed Sheets laid directly on cantilevered joists. Designed and built by owner.



ABOVE (Right): Skillful use of Hardie's Flat Sheets for a change of colour and texture in this two-level Queensland home again demonstrates an effective combination with brick and glass in composite construction. Designed by John Kupter. Builder: Roy Adsett.



ABOVE: This oriental simplicity is achieved by steel frame construction with "sandwich panels" of Hardiflex on one side and Versilux on the interior side of an insulating core. Ceilings are Versilux, sprayed with Vermiculite. A N.S.W. home designed by "Peter-Built"; Builder: R. T. Burton Pty. Ltd.



BELOW (Left): A N.S.W. home featuring Hardiflex wall panels and eaves. Front and rear balconies have floors of Hardie's Compressed Sheets which are also used under tiles in bathroom floors. Designed by owner; Builders: Carter & Pearson.

BELOW (Right): Exterior walls of this Lower Blue Mountains (N.S.W.) home are clad with Hardiplank. The owner is freed from costly maintenance. The wide board effect is in keeping with the bushland setting. Designed and built by: Cockrane & Grierson.



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A VERY ORDINARY PERSON

By JEAN CURTIS



NOBODY would ever have called Edward good-looking. No one was ever heard to remark that he was clever, quick witted, talented, or even just easy to get along with. In fact, for most of the twenty-six years of his life, he had gone along very quietly, attracting little attention and generally being thought of as a very ordinary person.

Lisa was the first to become really curious about Edward. She worked in the same office and had an excellent opportunity to study him at first hand. But even she wasn't in the least inquisitive until the day she was speaking to a client on the phone and had occasion to mention Edward.

"Which chap are you talking about?" the client had asked rather testily. "Do you mean the accountant — what's his name — Withers?"

"No, this is Mr. Allison," Lisa explained. "You must know him, he's the . . ." And then she had hesitated. Just how would you describe Edward? And she had actually to look across to where Edward sat bent over his desk to recall him to mind.

"He's the tallish, brown-haired chap," she finished lamely.

"I remember him now," the client said. "He's the fellow with the very deep voice, isn't he?"

"That's right," Lisa agreed. After she had finished her phone call, she sat looking across at Edward. True, he did have a deep voice—quite a pleasant one. Why hadn't she thought of that! Possibly because Edward didn't use his voice very much. He was one of the quietest persons she knew.

But that incident began it all.

Lisa was both popular and attractive. She seldom lacked an escort and never had to worry about deliberately setting out to attract a man. She was even at a loss to explain to herself this sudden curiosity about Edward, but some extra and purely feminine sense kept telling her that there was much more to him than anyone realised. And she found that she was continually looking across at his desk and wondering.

When she had first begun working in the office about two years ago, she had, after the manner of most girls, swiftly and accurately assessed the eligible male situation. There were two or three juniors, too young for her twenty-two years, and there was Alan Marsden, fair, stocky, and self-assured; Bob, tall and sun-tanned, and Denis Acton, who was mild and gentle and lived with his mother and three sisters. It wasn't a very large firm, and all the other men were older and married.

She hadn't thought much about Edward, Lisa reminded herself. She wondered why. After all, Edward had been there, hadn't he. And he was eligible. He certainly wasn't married, and as far as she knew he didn't even have a girl.

She watched him curiously and began noticing all kinds of little interesting things about him. His smile, for instance. Usually Edward would just give a quick little grin if something amused him, but one day Lisa was watching as Mrs. Scott, the manager's secretary, showed him an engaging photo of her first grandchild and was suddenly entranced by the wonderfully warm smile that spread over Edward's face as he studied it.

Then there was his work. You could go up to his desk and ask for whatever quote or costing you were wanting, and there would be Edward working busily away, his desk covered with sheets of

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beautifully neat figures, always ready to do anything he was asked without grumbling. And the work would be ready exactly when it was needed, and his figures were never wrong.

Then one day she discovered something very interesting about him. It was wet and stormy and she didn't bother to go out for lunch. Rummaging around for something to read, she noticed a magazine poking up from Edward's briefcase. "Oh, Edward," she asked, "would you mind if I borrowed . . ."

But Edward had seen her movement toward his briefcase and forestalled her.

"Sorry," he blurted out. "I was just going to read it myself."

Selfish, her first thought had been, but then she began to think about it. It just wasn't like Edward.

Noticing the same magazine on a bookstall on the way home that evening, her curiosity was strong enough for her to buy a copy. Later, leafing through its pages, she was astounded to see Edward's name leap out at her under the title of a story. He was a writer! She read the story. It was short, but clever and quite funny.

She had become so aware of him by now that she even refused a date the next day.

ALAN MARSDEN had stopped at her desk and asked in his usual confident way: "Like to see that new Taylor-Burton film tonight, Lisa? I'll get seats at lunchtime."

Lisa looked up at him smilingly and was about to reply when she noticed Edward watching from across the office. Watching and listening, she realised.

"I'm sorry, Alan," she replied. "Thank you just the same, but I don't really feel like going out tonight."

Now, why on earth did I do that, Lisa wondered, when I've been longing to see that movie? Then she took up some papers and walked over to Edward's desk.

"Oh, Edward," she began, "can you tell me . . ." And she went around to Edward's side of the desk and bent over him, making sure her hand brushed his once or twice. With purely feminine gratification she noticed that his hand jerked nervously when it touched hers.

She was satisfied. Edward was as human and susceptible as the next man. After that, few things about him escaped her attention. In fact, she developed such a habit of watching him that one of the other girls teased her about it.

"I can't believe it," Ann said to her. "Fancy mooning over Edward."

"I am not mooning over Edward," Lisa protested.

"Then you're giving a pretty good imitation of it," Ann said gaily. "Good heavens, Lisa, surely you can do better than that."

Indignantly Lisa asked: "And what's wrong with Edward?"

"Well . . ." Ann pulled a little face. "He's a bit of a nothing, isn't he. I mean, he's so quiet."

"You're not very perceptive, are you," Lisa said loftily. "Simply because he doesn't walk around acting as though he's heaven's gift to women doesn't mean he isn't a fine person."

"Oh, I didn't mean Edward wasn't a very nice chap," Ann replied. "I mean, after all, he must be, to spend his Sundays the way he does. Anyone who would give up their Sundays to

take a couple of kids from the Boys' Home out for the day must be pretty nice."

"How did you find out?"

"Mr. Withers is on the committee," Ann told her. "I heard him telling Mr. Pate."

"I see," Lisa said. After Ann had gone she sat there thinking, more than a little pleased with her own perception. She had been right. Edward was not just an ordinary person after all.

He came into the office just then, and seeing Lisa sitting there alone came over to her desk.

"Lisa," he began diffidently, "I don't suppose . . . that is . . . well, if you still haven't seen that film, I don't imagine you'd like to go with me."

Lisa looked at him, her heart suddenly beginning to beat in a rather jumpy way. "Why, Edward," she said softly, "I'd love to go with you."

"You would!" Clearly he was astonished.

"I've been hoping you'd ask me," she confessed.

Edward was clearly dumbfounded. Then he began to smile, his wonderfully warm smile spreading across his face. And it just seemed to him that he couldn't stop smiling. And who would want to, with a girl like Lisa looking at him as though he were the most exceptional man in the world.

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Around them, in every direction, stretched the seemingly endless plain. It was covered lightly with stones which were almost cemented into the baked red earth, dotted about with mulgas and spinifex clumps.

There was little shelter from the wind, but they managed to get a blaze going. Thick, aromatic smoke welled up around the two outside billies which had been filled from a water tank carried on the bus. A cardboard box containing cups and spoons had been carried to the scene, together with a box of biscuits and cakes in a polythene bag.

"I hear you've been presented with a branch of poisonous leaves, Mr. Ord. Are you thinking of doing us all in?" Miss Bland asked playfully. Septimus looked shocked. "My dear lady! The leaves in question have been safely disposed of."

"My trouble," said Millicent, warning to the subject, "is that I'll never know which leaves are poisonous and which aren't."

"I don't think I'd worry," Septimus said. "Duboisia doesn't grow wild all over the place like saltbush or spinifex."

The fire, now enlarged by many offerings of gathered wood, burned strongly, and the passengers gathered round trying to warm themselves and sipping their tea.

"Isn't this just too delightfully primitive!" cooed Miss Bland. "I wonder what that South African woman would say if she could see us bailing tea out of a billy."

"What nonsense!" said Belinda impatiently. "She'd be jolly glad of a hot drink which, by the way, we'd better take her before it gets too strong!"

Neville Paxton sat silently at the edge of the group. He munched a cake and looked broodingly into the fire. Mrs. Adams watched him with renewed anxiety.

She had never ceased to feel uneasy since the moment at The Oasis when she had sensed Mrs. Gordoni's fear. Now she felt that the driver was more worried about the storm than he had been earlier.

"Is the petrol tank right now?" she asked. "Sure! It's all fixed. Won't budge again!"

"Who's going to take Mrs. Gordoni's tea?" called Belinda. She had a steaming cup in her hand.

"I will, if you like!" Mrs. Adams started toward her. It would be a good opportunity to have a talk with Mrs. Gordoni. She had almost reached Belinda Storey when Mrs. Walters stepped forward and took the cup from her outstretched hand.

"I'll take it," she said, "and I'll stay in the bus, now. Glad to get out of this wind."

"What about Mr. Winslow? Wouldn't he have wanted tea?" Someone made the belated suggestion.

"Too late now!" Belinda said tartly. "If he'd wanted it he could have come and got it like everyone else."

Paxton rose suddenly to his feet, looking very worried. "Whatever's the matter?" Mrs. Adams asked him.

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"I've just worked it out: We're off the road! Must have left it some miles back!"

"But we're . . . on a road, aren't we?"

"I thought we were . . ." His voice faltered.

Belinda hastened to cover an awkward pause.

"Come on! Let's get back to the bus. Paxton can follow his wheel tracks and we'll soon find the road again."

She hurried them along, Septimus carrying the box of unwashed cups and Charles Walters lifting the blackened billies on the end of a stick.

Just then the storm struck. A vast, suffocating, envelopment of sand bit into their flesh as they scrambled into the bus.

Mrs. Walters had managed to reach it with the cup of tea still intact and Mrs. Gordoni sat clutching it in both hands. She had taken a few sips and had evidently eaten the cake, and now sat staring in fascination at the dim squares that represented the windows.

Winslow, still apparently refusing to fraternise even in a time of emergency, had wakened and sat staring at the blank windscreen. It was almost dark. The passengers cowered in their seats. Those with scarves had looped them over their mouths and noses in a vain attempt to keep out the dust.

THE wind continued relentlessly, the clouds boiling above it. The driver was hunched over the steering wheel, the collar of his army greatcoat high about his ears, his head resting on his folded arms.

Mr. Winslow . . . what a cool customer he was, just sitting there so completely relaxed. Septimus peered at the downflung arm, the back of the hand touching the floor, which was strewn with grit and stones.

Even as he watched the broad shoulders of Mr. Winslow they began to slide and topple. The large body slumped until Winslow was on the floor in a grotesquely farcical attitude suggestive of an Arab at prayer.

In his left hand — was it some monstrous joke? — the American was clutching a sprig of leaves.

The moments following the collapse of Winslow's body on to the bus floor were never clear in anyone's mind except, perhaps, in Septimus Ord's.

Ord had been enjoying the storm. He was not unduly worried that the driver had lost his way. It added spice to an experience that Septimus would have paid money for, and here it was being served up to him at no extra cost.

He'd felt no tension or panic and his mind was clear and ready to deal with any emergency — even death. But Paxton, already in the grip of anxiety and tired to the point of exhaustion, was in no condition to deal with anything.

Millicent Bland was unaware that she'd been screaming until the wind dropped suddenly and the storm ceased and the echoes of her screams seemed to hang in the air.

Septimus took up a position at the front of the bus, trying to screen the figure of Winslow on the floor behind him.

"Perhaps if the women could leave the bus for a while . . ." he said.

The five women went slowly out. No one spoke until Mrs. Gordoni, looking ill and spent, bent over the dark figure as she passed.

"I knew something was going to happen. I felt it here!" she cried wildly, placing a hand on her heart, "but I thought that I . . . that it was to happen to me . . ."

Her voice shook and she turned blindly to the doorway. "This dreadful land . . . it is so frightening . . ."

Belinda took hold of Lisa Gordoni's shoulders and shook them. She and Millicent avoided looking at the body as they helped the South African woman from the bus.

Paxton had gathered a few sticks and, with cotton waste and a sprinkling of petrol, he was ready to start a fire.

Inside the bus Charles Walters was lending reluctant assistance with the removal of the body. Ord was not a strong man and they had difficulty in lugging it from the front of the vehicle to the back. They laid it across the seat Lisa Gordoni had been occupying.

Outside, the pilot of a helicopter had seen the fire and was bringing his machine down a short distance away. He'd evidently been told to look out for the bus, as the people at Tatterback knew it was long overdue.

"Thank heaven for that . . . anyway . . ." muttered Walters. Paxton was shouting: "It's Arn De Beer!"

"You mean from The Oasis . . . that girl's husband?" queried Mrs. Adams.

"Too right, that's Arn!"

The helicopter landed and Paxton rushed to the pilot, telling him the news as they walked toward the bus.

Mrs. Adams found herself unimpressed by Arnold De Beer. He was short and sallow with spiky hair that grew well down on his neck. His expression was disagreeable and the small eyes were too closely set. She couldn't have trusted anyone with eyes like that.

"Poison, for sure! That's what I'd say!" A few moments later De Beer made the announcement from the bus steps. "Died painfully, too, from the look of 'im." There seemed almost a hint of satisfaction in the gravelly voice. "Of course, it's a police matter, now . . . the body'll have to be taken back to Alice."

"Thank you for telling us." Ord managed to keep the irony out of his voice. "I take it that you can get the

To page 57

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

The leaf-sweeper

By Muriel Spark

Johnnie had exerted himself so strenuously in an effort to further his campaign that eventually it became an obsession

BEHIND the town hall there is a wooded parkland which, toward the end of November, begins to draw a thin blue cloud right into itself; and as a rule the park floats in this haze until mid-February. I pass every day, and see Johnnie Geddes, in the heart of this mist, sweeping up the leaves. Now and again he stops, and, jerking his long head erect, looks indignantly at the pile of leaves as if it ought not to be there; then he sweeps on.

This business of leaf-sweeping he learnt during the years he spent in the asylum; it was the job they always gave him to do; and when he was discharged the town council gave him the leaves to sweep. But the indignant movement of the head comes naturally to him, for this has been one of his habits since he was the most promising and buoyant and vociferous graduate of his year. He looks much older than he is, for it is not quite twenty years ago that Johnnie founded the Society for the Abolition of Christmas.

Johnnie was living with his aunt then. I was at school, and in the Christmas holidays Miss Geddes gave me her nephew's pamphlet, "How to Grow Rich at Christmas." It sounded very likely, but it turned out that you grow rich at Christmas by doing away with Christmas, and so pondered Johnnie's pamphlet no further.

But it was only his first attempt. He had, within the next three years, founded his society of Abolitionists. His new book, "Abolish Christmas or We Die," was in great demand at the public library, and my turn for it came at last. Johnnie was really convincing this time, and most people were completely won over until after they had closed the book. I got an old copy for sixpence the other day, and despite the lapse of time it still proves conclusively that Christmas is a national crime.

Johnnie demonstrates that every human-unit in the kingdom faces inevitable starvation within a period inversely proportional to that in which one in every six industrial-productivity units, if you see what he means, stops producing toys to fill the stockings of the educational-intake units. He cites appalling statistics to show that 1.024 percent of the time squandered each Christmas in reckless shopping and thoughtless churchgoing brings the nation closer to its doom by five years.

A few readers protested, but Johnnie was able to demolish their muddled arguments, and meanwhile the Society for the Abolition of Christmas increased. But Johnnie was troubled. Not only did Christmas rage throughout the kingdom as usual that year, but he had private information that many of the Society's members had broken the Oath of Abstinence.

He decided, then, to strike at the

very roots of Christmas. Johnnie gave up his job on the Drainage Supply Board; he gave up all his prospects, and, financed by a few supporters, retreated for two years to study the roots of Christmas. Then, all jubilant, Johnnie produced his next and last book, in which he established either that Christmas was an invention of the Early Fathers to propitiate the pagans or it was invented by the pagans to placate the Early Fathers, I forget which.

Against the advice of his friends, Johnnie entitled it "Christmas and Christianity." It sold eighteen copies. Johnnie never really recovered from this; and it happened, about that time, that the girl he was engaged to, an ardent Abolitionist, sent him a pullover she had knitted for Christmas; he sent it back, enclosing a copy of the Society's rules, and she sent back the ring. But in any case, during Johnnie's absence, the Society had been undermined by a moderate faction. These moderates finally became more moderate, and the whole thing broke up.

Soon after this I left the district, and it was some years before I saw Johnnie again. One Sunday afternoon, in summer, I was idling among the crowds who were gathered to hear the speakers at Hyde Park. One little crowd surrounded a man who bore a banner marked "Crusade against Christmas"; his voice was frighten-

ing; it carried an unusually long way. This was Johnnie. A man in the crowd told me Johnnie was there every Sunday, very violent about Christmas, and that he would soon be taken up for insulting language.

As I saw in the papers, he was soon taken up for insulting language. And a few months later I heard that poor Johnnie was in a mental home, because he had Christmas on the brain and couldn't stop shouting about it.

After that I forgot all about him until three years ago, in December, I went to live near the town where Johnnie had spent his youth. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve I was walking with a friend, noticing what had changed in my absence and what hadn't. We passed a long, large house, once famous for its armory, and I saw that the iron gates were wide open.

"They used to be kept shut," I said.

"That's an asylum now," said my friend; "they let the mild cases work in the grounds, and leave the gates open to give them a feeling of freedom."

"But," said my friend, "they lock everything inside. Door after door. The lift as well; they keep it locked."

While my friend was chattering, I stood in the gateway and looked in. Just beyond the gate was a great

To page 55

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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 10

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Star-weather keeps improving and there's a good run of ten happy influences against only two depressing ones. The week favors all departments of life, except night of 11th, which slows down the love-life, although there's glamor galore, 10th.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ The heavens behave nicely for a while, and it all adds up to opportunities to achieve ambitions, escalate status, enhance career, enjoy better conditions on the job, or bask in a pleasant trip. Finances favored, 15th, but there's a touch of drag, p.m. 11th.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ Some of those many irons in the fire could bring you a rich financial return, especially 10th, 15th, and 16th. It's a rewarding week, particularly for the active and versatile — and what Gemini is not? Fine for orange blossoms, too.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ It's still your swinging cycle, and you're groovy with the zodiac all the way. Discount a spot of delay, p.m. 11th, and pursue that green light. There's oodles of scope to sell yourself big, make happy moves — and money. You've got top billing.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ There's no choppy water ahead—only a steady current on which you can glide to achievement. This success-stretch lasts until the 28th. You'll have every chance to display that planning flair, especially 10th, 15th, and 16th, which also favor marriage matters.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ There's a big good change looming in the affairs of Virgoans. Until the 28th, the stars lavishly assist. Family and domestic matters are beneath smiling stars — good to set up house or invest in real estate. Fine for personal affairs.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ The zodiac liberally bestows upon you what you favor most — tranquility and peace. On the practical side it offers unlimited opportunity for pushing new projects or beginning a new life. There could be unexpected financial gains or gifts.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Fortune favors in the most unexpected ways — your personal life could be changed for the better through unforeseen circumstances. Romance has genuine glamor; family affairs prosper, and for many the share market could pay off. Friends rally and help out.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ A long-cherished aspiration could dramatically and unexpectedly come true beyond your wildest imaginings. It's also fine to launch an arrow into the air of success — the stars co-operate until the 28th. You could form a powerful and fruitful friendship.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ If you plan to rise in the world, then this week—in fact, all the way to 28th — will give you the openings. There's also good news about family and loved ones. For some a successful trip or money gain. Life gets easier.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.
★ The omens beckon you on to success. If you have any scheme or project, now is the time to get into orbit. July 15-17 is particularly lucky for inspired planning and action. Romance blossoms also, 15th.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ There's fortunate focus on affairs of the heart — romance should blossom beautifully. The stars are in a genial mood and give an assist to career and status as well. This euphoric state of the heavens lasts until 28th, so cash in!

THE LEAF-SWEEPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

bare elm tree. There I saw a man in brown corduroys, sweeping up the leaves. Poor soul, he was shouting about Christmas.

"That's Johnnie Geddes," I said. "Has he been here all these years?"

"Yes," said my friend as we walked on. "I believe he gets worse at this time of year."

"Does his aunt see him?" "Yes. And she sees nobody else."

We were, in fact, approaching the house where Miss Geddes lived. I suggested we call on her. I had known her well.

"No fear," said my friend. I decided to go in, all the same, and my friend walked on to the town.

Miss Geddes had changed, more than the landscape. She had been a solemn, calm woman, and now she moved about quickly, and gave short, agitated smiles. She took me to her sitting-room, and as she opened the door she called to someone inside.

"Johnnie, see who's come to see us!"

A MAN, dressed in a dark suit, was standing on a chair, fixing holly behind a picture. He jumped down.

"Happy Christmas," he said. "A Happy and a Merry Christmas indeed. I do hope," he said, "you're going to stay for tea, as we've got a delightful Christmas cake, and at this season of goodwill I would be cheered indeed if you could see how charmingly it's decorated; it has Happy Christmas in red icing, and then there's a robin and

"Johnnie," said Miss Geddes, "you're forgetting the carols."

"The carols," he said. He lifted a gramophone record from the pile and put it on. It was "The Holly and the Ivy."

"Can't we have something else? We had that all morning," said Miss Geddes. "It's sublime," he said, beaming from his chair and holding up his hand for silence.

While Miss Geddes went to fetch the tea, and he sat absorbed in his carol, I watched him. He was so like Johnnie that if I hadn't seen poor Johnnie a few moments before, sweeping up the leaves, I would have thought he really was Johnnie. Miss Geddes returned with the tray, and while he rose to put on another record he said something that startled me.

"I saw you in the crowd that Sunday when I was speaking at Hyde Park."

"What a memory you have!" said Miss Geddes. "It must be ten years ago," he said.

"My nephew has altered his opinion of Christmas," she explained. "He always comes home for Christmas now, and don't we have a jolly time, Johnnie?"

"Rather!" he said. "Oh, let me cut the cake."

With a flourish he dug a large knife into the side. The knife slipped, and I saw it run deep into his finger. Miss Geddes did not move. He wrenched his cut finger away, and went on slicing the cake.

"Isn't it bleeding?" I said. He held up his hand. I could see the deep cut, but there was no blood.

Deliberately, and perhaps desperately, I turned to Miss Geddes.

"That house up the road," I said, "I see it's a mental home now. I passed it today."

"Johnnie," said Miss Geddes, as one who knows the game

is up, "go and fetch the mince-pies."

He went, whistling a carol. "You passed the asylum," said Miss Geddes wearily.

"And you saw Johnnie sweeping up the leaves."

"Yes."

We could still hear the whistling of the carol.

"Who is he?" I said.

"That's Johnnie's ghost," she said. "He comes home every Christmas."

"But," she said, "I don't like him. I can't bear him any longer, and I'm going away tomorrow."

I shuddered, thinking of the cut finger that could not bleed. And I left, before Johnnie's ghost returned.

Next day, as I had arranged to join a family who lived in the town, I started walking over about noon. Because of the light mist, I didn't see at first who it was approaching. It was a man, waving his arm to me. It turned out to be Johnnie's ghost.

"Happy Christmas. What do you think," said Johnnie's ghost, "my aunt has gone to London. Fancy, on Christmas Day, and I thought she was at church, and here I am without anyone to spend a jolly Christmas with, and, of course, I forgive her, as it's the season of goodwill, but I'm glad to see you, because now I can come with you, wherever it is you're going, and we can all have a Happy . . ."

"Go away," I said, and walked on.

It sounds hard. But perhaps you don't know how repulsive and loathsome is the ghost of a living man. The ghosts of the dead may be all right, but the ghost of mad Johnnie gave me the creeps.

He continued walking beside me. "As it's the time of goodwill, I make allowances for your tone," he said.

We had reached the asylum gates and there in the grounds I saw Johnnie sweeping the leaves. I suppose it was his way of going on strike, working on Christmas Day. He was making a noise about Christmas.

On a sudden impulse I said to Johnnie's ghost. "You want company?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"It's the season of . . ."

"Then you shall have it."

I stood in the gateway. "Oh, Johnnie," I called. "I've brought your ghost to see you, Johnnie."

"Well, well," said Johnnie, advancing to meet his ghost, "just imagine it!"

"Happy Christmas," said Johnnie's ghost.

"Oh, really?" said Johnnie.

I left them to it. And when I looked back, wondering if they would come to blows, I saw that Johnnie's ghost was sweeping the leaves as well. They seemed to be arguing at the same time. But it was still misty, and really I can't say whether, when I looked a second time, there were two men or one man sweeping the leaves.

Johnnie began to improve in the New Year. At least, he stopped shouting about Christmas, and then he never mentioned it at all; in a few months, when he had almost stopped saying anything, they discharged him.

The town council gave him the leaves of the park to sweep. He seldom speaks, and recognises nobody. I see him every day at the late end of the year, working within the mist. Sometimes, if there is a sudden gust, he jerks his head up to watch a few leaves falling behind him, as if amazed that they are undeniably there, although, by rights, the falling of leaves should be stopped.

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● French clock.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

MY French cupid clock (picture left) is made of an alloy looking like gilt and appears to be hand-engraved after casting. The makers' names on the dial are "A. Brocot and Deletrez, Paris." — M. Woodroffe, Launceston, Tas.

Your clock was made during the Emperor Napoleon III's

reign — about 1885. It is fine gilt brass.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD be interested to learn the history of a candleholder I have (right), made presumably of metal. It is a thistle design and on the base there is a trumpet engraved. Below this there is the



● Nineteenth-century candlestick.

following wording: "James Dixon and Sons, Sheffield, EPBM 8207," and on another section, "Stewart Wawson, made in England." — Mrs. M. C. Gay, Wangaratta, Vic.

This interesting electro-plate on britannia metal (Scotch thistle design) candlestick was made by James Dixon and Sons about 1890 to 1895.

★ ★ ★

MY china bowl (picture, below; and markings enclosed) is attractive. I would appreciate your opinion in regard to its origin and age. — Miss G. Swindells, Ashwood, Vic.

The ornamental flower bowl encrusted with naturalistic flowers, surmounted by three cupids, is a specimen of Coburn porcelain (a minor factory in Dresden). It was made about 1875 to 1885.



● Coburn porcelain bowl.

ENCLOSED is a sketch of what appears to be a gravy boat. It is white china or porcelain. On the base these markings are clearly visible: "England Coalport AD 1750." I own a pair of these. — Mrs. A. L. Deitmann, Collaroy, N.S.W.

The pair of Coalport tureens was made about 1910 to 1920. The "AD 1750" only indicates the year in which the Coalport proprietors believed that the factory was founded.

★ ★ ★

I AM enclosing a copy of the hallmarks and other marks at the base of a silver tankard. I have a copy of "Chaffer's Hand Book to Hall Marks," and I am wondering if I am correct in assuming it was made in the years 1547 to 1548, but the date letter "K" is in a differently shaped shield from that shown for the London Assay Office. — L.C., Blackall, Qld.

The silver tankard or, rather, mug, which you have sketched, together with a copy of the hallmarks, was made in London during the reign of George I and bears the date letter for 1725 to 1726.

The shape is characteristic of 18th-century design.



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THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

body into town and the rest of the party might just as well go on to the Rock... if the police want to ask any questions they'll send a man out...

"I'm not touching that body, mister, it stays where it is. When you get to Tatterback you call the police from there, see, and they'll tell you what to do."

Millicent Bland stood at the edge of the group away from the dying fire. Her hand was clenched around a slip of paper. It had blown across her legs earlier in the day and came, she could only surmise, from a mass of papers Lisa Gordoni had been shuffling about. It was only a fragment, but the secretary recognised it as portion of a report on an oil strike. A rich strike, and Millicent knew there had been no such thing to date in that area. She had a few shares in oil search herself and had always followed developments.

Millicent had half made up her mind to mention it to Mr. Winslow when she'd found the paper. She'd intended to speak to him about it when they reached the Lodge. And now... her thin shoulders began to shake, the city tensions that she had sought to escape had merely assumed a new identity.

"Yes, I'm sure we should go on to the Rock. It's far easier for the police to send a man out there than for all of us to go back to Alice Springs. At any rate, what did any of us know of Mr. Winslow? What light could anyone shed on his death? The poor man had scarcely left his seat..."

Belinda Storey broke off suddenly at a strange sound from Septimus Ord. The little man had grown pale.

"I saw... it must have been..." He stopped. His eyelids flickered.

"You saw?" Mrs. Adams prompted.

Septimus hesitated. "Nothing really, Mrs. Adams. Nothing of importance."

THE police officer who was destined to investigate Winslow's death left Alice Springs that same morning, but unaware of his future role.

Alex Ira-Thompson and his wife, Emmy, had booked seats on the bus and were intending to stay a few days at the Lodge. It was their annual vacation and they had decided to go fossicking for field stones that would be suitable for polishing and setting, gemmology being one of their main interests.

By a series of mischances, they'd missed the bus and intended trying to overtake it.

A battered taxi-cab was drawn up in front of the Lampden Arms Hotel.

Emmy Ira-Thompson took one look at a passenger occupying the back seat of the taxi and turned sharply to her husband.

"Alex!" she said, "I utterly refuse to sit in the back seat with that woman! For one thing she's been drinking, and for another..."

"All right! All right!" her husband cut in impatiently, "try to keep your voice down, my dear, you don't want to let the whole town know!"

At most times Detective-Inspector Ira-Thompson was infinitely patient with his wife, but there were odd occasions when she drove him to exasperation.

"Madam," the taximan said at Emmy's elbow, "would you please get into the car now. We'll have to get moving if we're to overtake the bus."

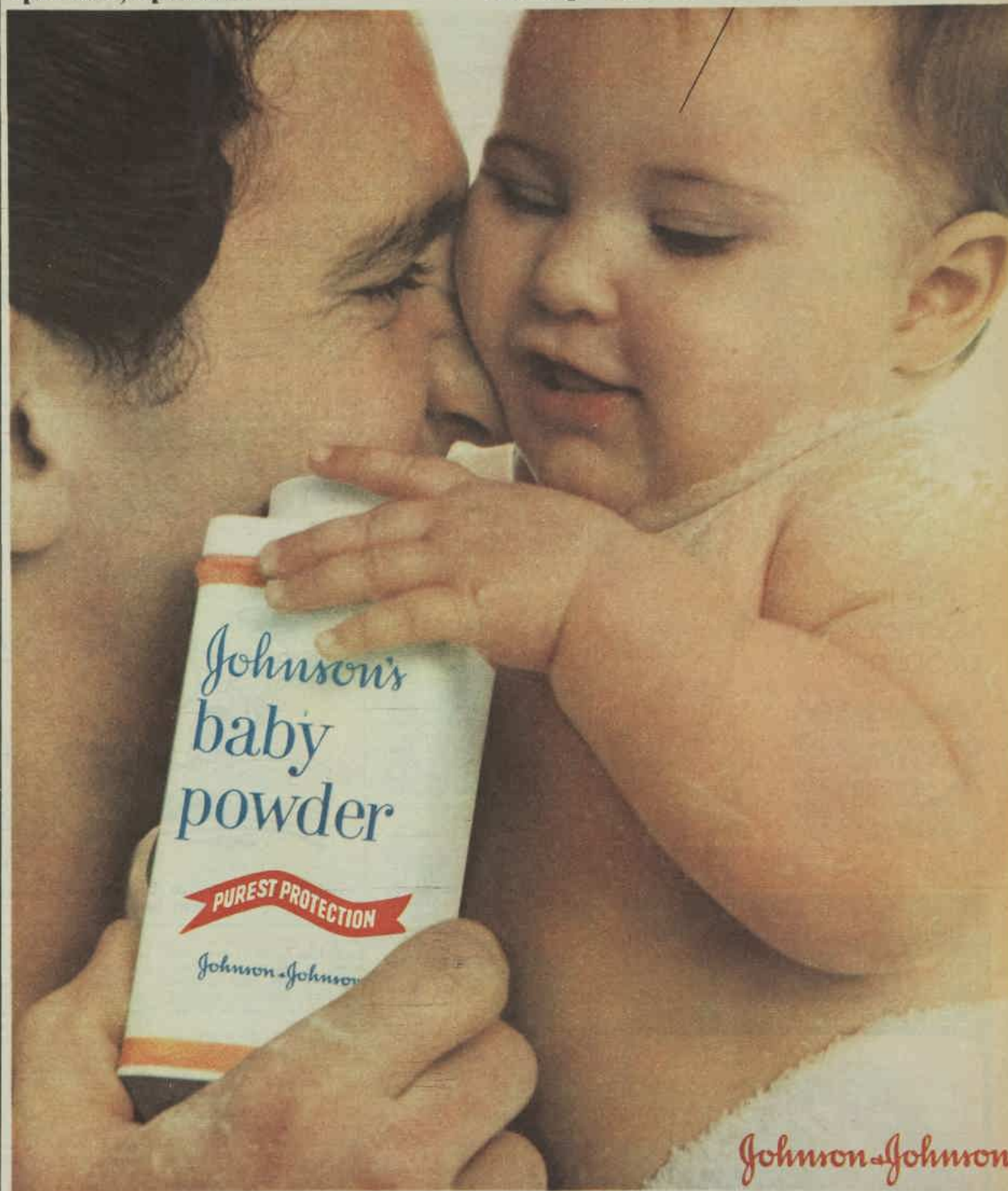
He held the front door of the taxi for her and Emmy, with a sidelong glance at her husband, gathered her skirt about her long legs and lowered herself on to the worn leather.

It was unfortunate that they could not have started out on a happier note. It could have been so pleasant, except, of course, for the other passenger. This woman lolled in the corner, her head thrown back, eyes closed, and breathing heavily through her mouth. Poor Alex! Emmy felt a belated twinge of guilt.

"Daddy's little baby likes JOHNSON'S... Ah sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle."

(THINKS)

"I wonder if Daddy is aware that JOHNSON'S absorbs moisture, prevents chafing and is mildly medicated."



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"Best for baby, best for you."

The whole thing was her fault. Emmy could hardly remember now what she had done to make them miss the bus. Just the few extra minutes in bed and a longer time under the shower than she could spare, and hey presto!

The taximan was also in an ill-humor. He had not been expecting to go out that day. He had been driving every day for a week, and was due for a day off.

So, here I am, thought Emmy Ira-Thompson, with an irate husband, an irate driver, and an apparently drunk woman, setting off across a stony desert to find a busload of people who have had an hour's start.

They drove in silence for what seemed like hours. When in due course they reached The Oasis, Sally De Beer greeted them with-

out enthusiasm. It meant getting things going again in the kitchen just when she'd thought she was finished for the morning.

"Wouldn't advise you to go on! You'll run into that storm for sure," she said.

They munched hot, buttered toast and sipped their tea. The back-seat passenger had been left alone in the car. She still slept, breathing noisily.

Emmy walked through to the back of the house where the young woman had indicated she would find the bathroom. Through the window she could see a dark-haired boy poking at a small furry object on the ground. With a shudder, Emmy realised that it was a small dog, and that it was dead.

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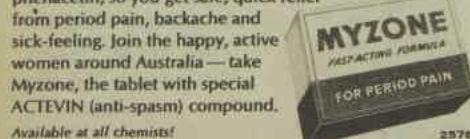


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banish the pain you can't explain

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"Don't do that!" she called sharply to the child through the partly open window.

The boy looked up. "It's dead!" he announced importantly. "You can come and see it if you like."

Emmy gazed with distaste at the small figure, and hurried out to the garden.

"You'd better go inside to your mother," she said to the child.

He looked up at her with an innocence that she found disconcerting. "Why? Why should I?"

"Because you should," she said, trying to make it sound convincing but uncertain of her ground.

"We've something else, too," the child said, in a beguiling voice, as he indicated a small tree growing in a barrel. "That's a poison tree and it'll kill you if you eat even one little leaf . . . it's got thallium in it."

At that moment Mrs. De Beer came running out.

"Nicky, go inside at once!" The child gave his mother a defiant glance as he scampered toward the house.

Sally caught sight of the dog. Her look of surprise was genuine.

"Isn't it the child's pet?" Emmy asked.

"No, it's not. I can't imagine where it came from. Perhaps it got loose from a car in the area. That's the only thing I can think of. But I don't remember any cars going through this morning. I'd be sure to hear . . . we're pretty close to the road."

Emmy, looking closely into the young woman's face, found unexpected lines about the eyes and mouth. Sally De Beer looked a lot older than she appeared at first glance, and her expression — was it a mixture of fear, perhaps with a hint of rebellion? And who wouldn't feel fear and rebellion being left out here on her own, thought Emmy.

She tried to inject an element of jauntiness into her voice as she said, "We'll have to get started, I expect. You say there's a storm coming up. Any chance of getting to the Rock before it breaks?" "You've got to catch up with your bus first."

Emmy Ira-Thompson had never felt less gay as she walked back to the house with Sally.

"The bus went through an hour ago," Alex told her. "The driver had been in touch with the people at Tatterback and was warned about the storm, but decided to chance it."

"What do you think we should do?"

"Well, if you take my advice you'll come back to Alice. Nasty things there dust storms. Easy to get off the road in 'em. Lose yer way." The taximan had spoken.

But Emmy knew without asking what her husband's reaction would be.

"We'll go on," he said quietly.

"Well," said Sally, "if you've made up your minds you'll need a few extras with you. And I'll get you to take this camera — it was left behind by a woman travelling on the bus — a Miss Storey. See! Her name is on the leather strap."

They returned to the cab with an extra drum of petrol, two waterbags, a flask of coffee, and an assortment of canned food.

The men, busy stowing drums and boxes in the boot, were startled to hear Emmy

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

say, "We seem to be minus our passenger."

The storm wasn't far away. They could see it approaching over the plain, a red-black mass that swirled and boiled into the sky.

"We'll have to hurry. She can't have gone far in twenty minutes," Emmy said.

The taximan returned to the house to tell Sally that they were searching for their passenger.

The Inspector and his wife set off, but Emmy began to feel the hopelessness of the search.

The wind was whipping the sand into a swirling curtain of dust. Even the desert oaks bordering the garden of The Oasis were scarcely visible. The house itself might not have existed.

"We'll have to get across to the house somehow," she raised her voice in a raucous croak.

It was while they fought their way to where they hoped The Oasis was that they stumbled over their passenger. She had fallen into a gutter somewhere near the garden fence. Between them, they dragged her to the house.

The woman lay back on the cane lounge on which

boy with too much time on his hands.

Inspector Ira-Thompson stood beside the bed to which they had carried the patient. She was in a coma now. The Inspector was sure that she had been in a heavy unnatural sleep all the way from Alice Springs. He was convinced that she'd not had any alcohol, although at first sight she'd appeared to be very drunk.

The taximan wasn't much help. The woman had come lurching out of the Lampden Arms, he said. He'd thought she'd had a drop too much, to put it mildly, but she'd pressed a twenty-dollar note into his hand and said, "Catch up with the bus," so he'd helped her into the back seat, and after that they knew as much about it as he did.

On the wall, near the window, a framed photograph caught Emmy's attention. She moved to have a closer look at it and saw Mrs. De Beer with Nicky in her arms standing with a well-built man of medium height. She was taking another look at the man she took to be Sally's husband when Alex called her to the bedroom. He was throwing down the jacket that the woman had

sigh. Emmy recognised defeat.

"Very well, my dear, I'll do just as you say, but I can't imagine the hospital staff will want me hanging around their patient."

"Once she's in hospital you can relax. Go back to the hotel and I'll contact you there as soon as possible."

Sally came quietly back to them. She glanced fearfully at the bed and then at the Ira-Thompsons.

"They're sending a plane. We have a landing strip not far beyond the back fence. We don't have to do anything for the patient except to keep her warm."

Within twenty minutes the unknown passenger had been removed from the scene with Emmy as her reluctant escort. With the plane droning into the distance, Alex and the taximan prepared to depart.

There was no sound from the house. The sign, with its dusty inscription, swung indolently from a post beside the bougainvillea archway, the small sound of its grating hinge serving to emphasise the loneliness and desolation of the desert cafe.

"I don't like the idea of leaving that young woman alone here with the boy," Alex said. "When would that husband of hers be getting back do you think?" "Search me, guv!"

The door of the cafe opened suddenly, then closed. Sally and the boy ran toward the taxi. The boy clutched a bundle of clothing, and his mother held a canvas bag which, with evident haste, had been stuffed with her few requirements.

"You've got room in the back seat?" She was breathless and distraught.

Alex opened the car door. He said, "Hop in."

The Lodge, situated about a mile from Ayers Rock, was a timber-frame structure, elongated and set on concrete foundations. It could accommodate about sixty people in its sparsely furnished rooms. Two detached bathhouses were reached by crossing a small open compound a dozen yards from the main building.

The kitchens and dining-room were also detached, and the staff were housed in individual huts. In the centre of the main building a large community room was reached on two sides from the bedroom corridors, while louvered doors gave on to a small plantation that offered some slight protection from heat and dust.

The community room was deserted when Mrs. Adams entered. She'd brought a guidebook with her and now sat with it in her lap. It was the day following their arrival and there was half an hour to fill in before lunch.

Mrs. Adams tried to bring some semblance of order to thoughts which kept breaking out in all directions. Tragedy was stalking her for the second time in twelve months. It was quite unbelievable.

There was no doubt in her mind about Mr. Winslow's death. She was sure he'd been poisoned, although no official opinion had reached them.

It had been a nightmare journey after De Beer had directed Paxton back to the road. How could anyone forget Mr. Winslow on the back seat?

From Tatterback, the police had been contacted and instructions had been received for the body to be taken into Alice Springs. Someone from Tatterback was going in with a Landrover.

Five hours later than their scheduled time for arrival the bus had reached the Lodge and the Murdochs

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they had placed her and stared at them with hard, suspicious eyes. Sally sponged her face, and was assisting her to take a cup of strong, black coffee.

"I don't think a hair of the dog that bit her would be much good at present," she said meaningly.

"I'm not . . . drunk . . ." the woman said thickly. Her slurred voice seemed to bely the statement. "Not . . . drunk . . ." A convulsion shook her. Her knees were drawn up. Emmy looked at her fearfully. Alex started to move toward the couch.

Sally put the cup and saucer on the servery bench between the kitchen and dining-room.

"Watch her, please, I'd better get some brandy," she said, reversing her previous decision.

She turned away quickly, colliding with her son, who burst into a loud wailing.

In a very short while Sally was having a radio conversation with the matron of the hospital, describing the woman's symptoms and receiving instructions.

"She must have eaten camel poison," Nicky said importantly. "She got sick just like Mrs. Andrew's cow that died. It got all curled up just before it died. I saw it."

Emmy felt her former distaste for the child's curiosity returning in full force. She tried to be fair to him. After all, he was a lonely little

been wearing, after investigating two large pockets.

"Emmy, this woman is to go into hospital in Alice Springs. They'll be sending a plane out here for her. I want you to go with her."

"Where will you be?" "Bert Saunders, the taximan, and I will go on to Ayers Rock."

Emmy knew her husband well enough to realise that his decision to continue the journey would not have been made without good reason. There was something on his mind important enough to warrant interrupting their carefully laid plans.

"Darling, why do we have to be the ones to run into things like this?"

The Inspector forbore to point out that Emmy had been the means of having them miss the bus.

"Emmy! I want you to go with this woman and to stay close beside her until she's safely installed in the hospital."

"Alex!" wailed his wife, "Do I have to? Tell me what's going on. Surely I have a right to know some of the details."

"My dear Emmy, if I had a clear picture of the situation, I'd tell you, but nothing makes much sense at the moment. I know only that something is going on and I will have to follow it through."

There was a moment of silence which was broken by the Inspector's exasperated



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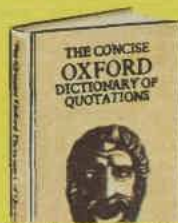
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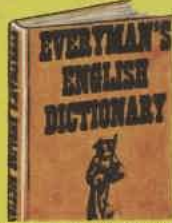
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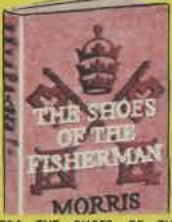
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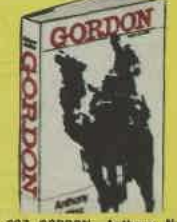
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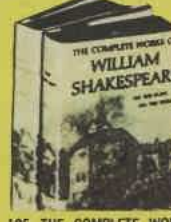
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At pharmacies
and Department Stores

were awaiting their arrival with hot coffee.

Mrs. Adams had been only too thankful to take off her clothes after such a gruelling day. She'd had a hot shower and had gone to bed, hoping to fall asleep immediately, but she'd not been able to. Her mind had kept on and on.

The more she'd thought about Mr. Winslow's death, the more convinced she'd become that he'd been murdered. She realised that she was bound to think so because of Dr. Torbutt, and she'd half expected something to happen after Mrs. Gordoni had acted so strangely.

During her sleepless night she'd heard the arrival of a car. Seated at breakfast in the mess hut she'd seen it through the window — a battered black taxi cab which had been parked beside the bus. It was all so confusing. It was Sally De Beer who had arrived with her child and accompanied by Detective-Inspector Ira-Thompson.

Why should Sally leave The Oasis and come to the Lodge — unless she were frightened. And now Mrs. Adams came to think about it, that unpleasant Arnold De Beer was enough to frighten anyone.

Mrs. Adams wondered how a woman as young as Sally and as potentially attractive came to marry a man like that.

The boy, Nicky, had already had an accident. He'd left his bed shortly after daylight and had apparently been trying to climb a bloodwood tree when he'd fallen and knocked himself out. Mrs. Adams allowed herself the small satisfaction of realising that Nicky would be out of circulation for the remainder of the day. He'd seemed a most unpleasant child.

She glanced out of the window across the intervening mile of terracotta plain, to the Rock, feeling weird fascination. How incongruous to be sitting there in a functional modern chair, and to gaze at this pre-glacial landscape that had remained unchanged in millions of years.

"I suppose people get used to it after the first day or two," Mrs. Walters had come into the lounge, armed with her knitting and a packet of toffees.

"Oh, I guess they do," agreed Mrs. Adams rather absently. She was reluctant to pull her thoughts back to earth.

However, Mrs. Walters settled herself in a chair and proceeded to enthuse.

"It's so fascinating, isn't it? That great giant Rock?"

"Yes, Yes! Quite stupendous!" agreed Mrs. Adams.

"Is your husband out walking?" she asked, changing the subject with determination.

"He disappeared directly after breakfast... he knows I don't take a lot of exercise, so I guess he just went off."

"Was there just the slightest hint of grievance?"

"Have you met the other guest yet... Mr. Carter?"

Mrs. Adams inquired.

The other guest was a young man who'd been in residence at the Lodge when they'd arrived. They'd been told that Philip Carter had flown out two days earlier and, in the way that news travels in closed areas, it was already known that he was interested in oil search.

Mrs. Walters confessed to not having met Mr. Carter. There'd hardly been time. They'd only seen him at breakfast. She'd spoken with Paxton, though, who'd told her that Inspector Ira-Thompson was advising the guests to continue their holiday as planned.

Tomorrow, Paxton was taking a party to the summit of Ayers Rock, and the

THE POISON TREE

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following day to a picnic to the Olgas.

The Olgas, a group of domed mountains about twenty miles south-west of Ayers Rock, were clearly visible through the window. Standing close together rather like loaves of bread upended in a baker's window, they did not, at the distance, present a particularly impressive sight.

Mt. Olga, the highest dome was, they had learned from their travel folder, somewhat higher than the Rock itself, but much less in area.

"Oh, there's Millicent Bland... she doesn't seem to be wasting any time..." Mrs. Walters remarked.

Philip Carter was helping Miss Bland out of a jeep, which evidently belonged to the Murdochs. Their arms were linked as they walked slowly toward the Lodge, deep in conversation.

Actually, Millicent, in her position in the Mines Department, had met Carter on one occasion and, seeing him at breakfast that morning, had decided to confide in him regarding the paper she had picked up in the bus.

Thinner than ever in tapered black pants and a white shirt, she looked pale in the midday glare. Almost

her to this extent! After all, she hadn't known him. The man De Beer had said Winslow had been poisoned — but how did he know?

And what of the others? Two had not even appeared for breakfast. One was Mrs. Gordoni. Well, that was only to be expected. The woman had been feeling ill throughout the journey. But the other was Mr. Ord. It was strange. He'd seemed so interested. Still, it was possible that he'd gone off for a long, solitary walk.

The Murdochs hadn't appeared either. A staff of three kept the rather spartan establishment in operation. Mrs. Adams hoped that they would appear at lunch and she would be able to satisfy her mind by asking a few questions...

Suddenly, the quietness was shattered by the return of the bus. Mrs. Walters was surprised to see the Inspector and Neville Paxton lifting an improvised stretcher out of the bus.

The other guests appeared as though by magic.

"Good heavens! Somebody's been hurt," Mrs. Gordoni, her face paler than ever, took a few wavering steps toward the still form on

Mrs. Murdoch and two of the house assistants stood in the doorway to the corridor. They seemed at a loss to know what to do.

Mrs. Gordoni, assisted into the room by Philip Carter, sagged into the nearest chair. The South African woman, despite her sickness, had dressed herself with care.

Her amber silk blouse did nothing to help the pallor of her skin, but it was beautifully stitched, and the donkey-brown slacks fitted her slim figure to perfection. On her feet were moccasins of an identical brown. Philip Carter's eyes rested on her appraisingly.

He turned to Mrs. Murdoch.

"It might be an idea if we could have a drink. I'm sure we all need something to steady our nerves and then, perhaps, the girls could hurry with lunch."

Mrs. Murdoch scurried away after inquiring what drinks she should bring. It seemed that all she had been lacking was someone to command her.

Carter said as he looked round the little group of women, "You must try to keep things as normal as possible. We don't yet know what happened to Mr. Ord and there is nothing we can do at present. It's fortunate that we have the Inspector to take care of everything."

"But what could have happened to Mr. Ord? And why was he in his night attire?" asked Mrs. Walters of the room in general.

"He must have died last night. He didn't come to breakfast this morning," said Millicent, "I looked particularly... I wanted to..." Her voice died away.

"Someone killed him!" Mrs. Gordoni held her hand to her heart in her theatrical way, and her voice shook.

"You need a drink, ma'am," Philip Carter said to Lisa as Mrs. Murdoch re-entered the room with glasses and a decanter on a tray.

"You're not being very helpful," Mrs. Adams chided Lisa Gordoni. "All we know for certain is that Mr. Ord is dead. He could have had a heart-attack. He could have fallen or had some other type of accident which proved fatal."

But even as she spoke Mrs. Adams was thinking only of one thing in connection with Septimus Ord. She was convinced that he had seen something that could shed some light on Winslow's death. Was that why the poor little man was dead?

Sally De Beer had watched from her window as the bus arrived. The boy slept fretfully, his forehead lightly bandaged. Sally felt terror overwhelming her. Another death — where was it going to end?

She glanced fearfully at Nicky, knowing that the child hadn't fallen from the tree. She knew this for a certainty, for her son did not like climbing. He would never have attempted a tree like the bloodwood, which had no lower branches, the trunk growing straight for six or seven feet.

The Inspector had given Sally instructions with regard to her care of the boy. She was not, under any circumstances, to leave him alone.

Cameras clicked. It was the moment that the group at Sunset Strip had been awaiting. The Rock was a dazzling sight as it was shot from top to bottom with flame. It glowed coal-like in the half-light, the pulsing color all the more fantastic as it was against the sombre mystery of the darkening plain.

The people scattered about on the sand dune continued

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THE POISON TREE

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to take pictures. The dune, some miles from the Rock, had been named Sunset Strip for obvious reasons. It was the location from which tourist parties took shots of the Rock when it was illuminated by the after-glow of the sunset.

Mrs. Walters watched as her husband closed his camera and re-slung it over his shoulder.

"You'll never guess what Mr. Carter's doing tomorrow," she said. "He's hiring a helicopter!"

Charles shrugged. "Oh, well, he has to spend his money somehow, I suppose. Where's he getting the thing from?"

"They say that one of the oil company's is letting him have it."

"At a good price, I wouldn't doubt." For some reason her husband seemed resentful about it.

The bus, with Paxton at the wheel, stood waiting for them at the bottom of the dune.

"Tomorrow we're going to Mt. Olga," said Mrs. Walters, with determined good cheer, as they went toward it. "Perhaps Mr. Carter will land his helicopter there and join us for lunch."

"Thanks for the invitation," said Carter from behind them.

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*
—1 John 3; 16, 17.

"We'll make it a date, then, shall we, Mrs. Walters?"

Paxton started the engine and they began to bump their way back to the Lodge.

By late afternoon Murdoch still had not returned, but things went on much the same without him. The pattern was much the same for each new influx of visitors . . . they climbed the Rock, they went to the Olgas for a picnic lunch, they photographed the Rock at sunrise and sunset.

The only change, in plan had been that they were to go to the Olgas the following day instead of climbing the Rock . . . the association of Ord's death was still too strong for most of them.

As soon as Ord's body had been brought in the Inspector had radioed the police in Alice Springs. A doctor and a police officer, Sergeant Woods, had been flown out during the next two hours. A hasty postmortem had been conducted and it appeared that nearly every bone of the unfortunate man's body had been fractured.

However incredible it seemed that a man should go rock climbing in his dressing-gown in the middle of the night, it was assumed that foolish Mr. Ord had fallen over one of the chasms while trying to scale the Rock.

The Inspector had been quite willing to discuss the tragedy with the guests during the belated lunch. He told them that he had come upon the body as it lay in the sand in one of the deep bays at the base of the Rock. He had been rambling round the

south-western face when he had caught sight of it.

Some distance from the body the man's slippers had been found. It was therefore assumed that Mr. Ord had decided to climb the Rock in his bare feet.

Mr. Ord, they thought, had probably acted on impulse and started climbing by the light of a waning moon. The doctor assisting the police had estimated the time of death as somewhere between midnight and 1 a.m.

The sergeant, at Inspector Thompson's direction, had taken possession of the late Septimus Ord's personal belongings and, with the removal of the body, the guests at the Lodge made a determined effort to get back to a normal holiday atmosphere.

After they arrived back from Sunset Strip, Mrs. Adams went out into the plantation, thinking deeply. She noticed that, during their absence, the taximan and his old black cab had departed. He'd seemed very anxious to get back to Alice Springs and, under the circumstances, she hardly blamed him.

Then she noticed in the semi-darkness the figure of a man leaning against the trunk of the bloodwood tree.

Alex had been sorting out a few facts concerning Winslow's death.

It seemed likely that Winslow had left the bus while the rest of the passengers were having morning tea. Sally De Beer had told him that the American hadn't joined the group in the dining-room, and the sprig of leaves found in Winslow's hand seemed to indicate that he had strolled across to the back garden of The Oasis.

It also seemed possible that Winslow had been the first member of Nicky's audience that morning, that he'd been treated to the dramatic pronouncement regarding the shrub growing in the tub, and that he'd been presented with a sprig of leaves.

Perhaps Winslow had stuffed it into his pocket and forgotten it until later in the bus . . .

The Inspector straightened as Mrs. Adams approached. Mrs. Adams found herself expressing fear concerning Mrs. Gordoni, who was still feeling ill. She told Alex how Dr. Torbutt had died from poisoning in New Guinea the previous year. Also that the twig of Duboisia had seemed of such interest to Septimus Ord and how the boy, Nicky, had told him that a single leaf could kill a cow.

After a moment she asked the Inspector why Sally and the boy had come to the Lodge, but he did not offer any explanation.

"And he fell out of the tree almost as soon as he arrived," Mrs. Adams said thoughtfully. "Doesn't that seem rather a coincidence, Inspector?"

"Oh, not really," Alex returned. "It's just the sort of thing a boy would do — rush out first thing to explore everything in sight—to climb the first tree that seems to offer a challenge and to fall down and get himself concussed."

"If you ask me," she said, "Nicky De Beer saw something at The Oasis that he wasn't intended to see . . . if you could ask him a few questions . . ."

"That's quite impossible, I'm afraid, the child's not fully conscious," the Inspector said. "Let's go in, shall we?"

Together they entered the wide doors to the lounge. Mrs. Walters, looking pink and refreshed, was sitting before the logs that crackled in the bricked fireplace.

"What do you think?" Mrs. Walters turned to Mrs. Adams, her blue eyes gleaming and almost youthful. "Mr. Carter has invited me to go on a flight with him tomorrow in a helicopter. We'll be joining you all at the Olgas for lunch. Just think, we'll be flying over the Olgas!"

"That's wonderful, I'm sure," Mrs. Adams said, trying to match the other woman's enthusiasm. "But what about Charles . . . your husband. Won't he be going?"

"No, he's going in the bus. Mr. Carter hasn't room for him. Miss Bland is coming, too, in the helicopter, I mean."

The busload was to set off immediately the helicopter was on its way. Philip Carter wanted to explore a little, he'd said. They were to meet at midday at a group of rocks which had been described by Paxton and at which he usually built the barbecue fire. It was a known camping

To page 63

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Page 61

It's time women had a little more comfort.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 17, 1968

site on the south-east perimeter of the Olgas.

The helicopter pilot, Stan Edwards, was a man evidently employed by one of the oil companies. He was on loan, the passengers surmised, but at a price. They were curious about the whole business.

What did Carter expect to find? However, despite his boyish good looks and friendly manner, there was an authority about Philip Carter that did not encourage inquiries.

Millicent Bland had evidently had time to recover from her worries, and her face and hair had received careful attention. But Belinda Storey had been a changed person since the sudden death of Septimus Ord. She had become morose, and retired into the background.

"We're going now! Goodbye, everybody! Goodbye, Charles!"

Mrs. Walters swayed precariously as they turned to wave before boarding the helicopter. The curved hatch swung sharply into place when Carter, too, had boarded the machine. A moment later the blades were rotating. The helicopter lifted from the ground, hovered briefly above the airfield and then clattered away.

The passengers boarded the bus.

"Hang on, Nev, the Inspector's coming in the jeep," Charles Walters called as they were about to go.

Paxton pressed the door release. "Morning, sir! Coming with us?"

The police in Alice had radioed the Inspector to make the trip to the Olgas if he possibly could and he'd told them he intended to stay a few days at the Lodge, to keep an eye on things.

The communication had been made in code, for, although in the outback one might be hundreds of miles from the nearest neighbor, there was no such thing as privacy on the air.

"Glad to see you're keeping to your schedule as much as possible," Alex cast an eye over the people in the bus. "I might mention, though, that Mrs. Gordon doesn't want any of you to go," he informed them, smiling at the look of exasperation that passed over Paxton's thin face. "She's feeling pretty sick and she's worried. Said she'd had a presentiment that something disastrous was going to happen at the Olgas."

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Skin Repair

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THE POISON TREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Nobody seemed impressed.

Mrs. Adams opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again. She was feeling thoroughly disgusted with the Murdochs. How they ever expected to run a guest Lodge successfully when they were never there she couldn't imagine. Mr. Murdoch, beyond greeting them the night of their arrival, had been conspicuous by his absence.

Now Mrs. Murdoch was playing truant. She hadn't put in an appearance at all at dinner the previous night, and this morning she had evidently remained in bed. The house assistants had served the meals.

The helicopter had eventually flown some distance to the west of Ayers Rock. It made wide sweeps back and forth over the vast desert area that from a height of a few thousand feet showed no sign of life.

Carter and the pilot shouted to each other, Carter asking questions about the country spreading below them. It had not given indication of having anything to offer, Edwards told him. No oil search was being made. Very few tourists ever ventured out that way. Only a few Aborigines lived there.

IN the distance the lopsided domes of the Olgas came into view. A few minutes passed and they could see the ribbon of road running from Ayers Rock. The bus crept along it, still some miles away. The pilot was preparing to land.

"Look!" Mrs. Walters pointed. "Just look at that peculiar tower! I wonder what it can be!"

"It may not be there at all, lady," said the pilot. "The desert atmosphere plays queer tricks. People think they see all sorts of things . . . houses with tall chimneys, sometimes castles . . . mostly they think they see lakes of water."

The machine began to lose height and the huge monoliths confronted them with their weird immensity.

Philip Carter helped the two women as they stepped out of the helicopter. The three of them began walking toward the strangest mass of rocks they had ever seen. The pilot stayed in the cockpit. He had a packet of sandwiches beside him and a pile of newspapers.

Even Mrs. Walters was silenced as she stared about her in apparent fascination.

"Why don't we get the pilot to come with us," suggested Millicent Bland. "He could tell us the easiest way of climbing. I'd like to see the Wind Gorge, what do the Aborigines call it, the Walpa?"

Edwards, at a signal from Carter, locked the cabin of his machine and joined them. The Olgas, he told them, really should be known as *Katajua*, an Aboriginal word meaning "many heads!" There were about 30 of these

enormous domes extending over 11 square miles, Mt. Olga being the highest and the only one with a European name.

The Walpa Gorge, to the north of Mt. Olga, wasn't hard to reach, he told them. A strong wind always blew in the gorge and Aborigines believed that it was the breath of Wanambi, an enormous snake alleged to live on the western face of the mountain.

"A mythical snake, I hope," said Carter, glancing at the women.

A pair of fieldglasses swung on a cord around his neck. His left hand rested lightly against the pocket of his suede jacket. The pilot looked thoughtfully at the immaculate figure. Suddenly he leant over and slapped the other man's pocket. Millicent turned in amazement.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"It just occurred to me that Mr. Carter is carrying a gun," the pilot said conversationally.

Carter continued his leisurely walk. He glanced pleasantly at the other man. "No objection, I hope." "Nothing personal, Mr. Carter. Just regulations. It's a national park and firearms are prohibited, that's all." His tone, although still casual, held an underlying firmness. He held out his hand for the weapon.

"Who do you think you are? Go back to your comic strips. We'll find our way," Carter retorted.

Edwards kept his voice under control. "Sorry, Mr. Carter, but I'm a park trustee . . . just doing what I have to . . . you'll get it back when you leave for Alice Springs. Hand it over, please."

Carter, from his lean height, looked the pilot up and down.

"I'll do no such thing." "OK. If you get into trouble, don't blame me!" Edwards' face had darkened with anger. He turned on his heel and left them.

It disturbed Mrs. Walters to know that Philip Carter was carrying a gun. He and Miss Bland were talking together in low, urgent voices. If they were going to Walpa Gorge before the others arrived they could go alone. She plumped down on the nearest log. Millicent scarcely seemed to notice that she was dropping out from the walk.

Paxton was cooking steaks. A folding table had been set up in the shade of the bus. Mrs. Adams was preparing salad and Belinda Storey was buttering slices of bread. Some distance away, the pilot, Edwards, sat smoking.

He'd finished his lunch and had accepted a can of beer from Charles Walters, but was evidently not intending to join the group. He was reading the comic strips, which was rather quaint, Millicent was thinking, for that was exactly what Philip Carter had suggested that he do.

Alex Ira-Thompson surveyed the scene. Charles Walters seemed disinclined for activity, and had stretched himself on a nearby rock. A large straw hat was tilted well over his nose and eyes and he appeared to be asleep.

Ira-Thompson had spoken again with Mrs. Adams and had learned, among other things, that Belinda Storey had been a changed woman ever since Ord's death.

The big woman had said it was rather odd, as Belinda hadn't known him, and also that she had previously seemed a rather hard-boiled person who would take everything, even sudden death, in her stride.

ALEX thought he had the answer to that one. "Belinda Storey" was the name embroidered on a tag he had taken from the jacket belonging to the sick woman who had been flown into Alice Springs. And having already been asked to return a camera to a woman passenger on the bus who was travelling under that name, Alex had known that he must at all costs continue his journey.

This woman on the bus, for some reason best known to herself, was impersonating Miss Storey and had apparently set off on the bus trip with great enthusiasm.

But she was a woman with a conscience, so Alex thought, and when a man unexpectedly died she wanted no part of the escapade. But, unfortunately, she was stuck with it for the duration of the trip.

The fact that she had become so changed seemed to suggest that she knew or suspected something relating to the two deaths that had not yet come to light. If they were accidental there would be no cause, apart from the initial shock, for her to become so affected.

If it were murder . . . Alex Ira-Thompson paused in his analysis. The woman buttering bread also paused. She looked up from her task and Alex found himself regarded by a pair of strange green eyes. He found himself thinking what an odd face it was. Ugly, repulsive almost. She gave him the grimace that passed for a smile.

"Would you like to lend a hand?"

It was obvious that Miss X, as he now felt bound to call her, was trying to recapture something of her former verve.

"Delighted, Miss . . . er . . . Storey, isn't it?"

She presented him with a knife and a pile of slices.

"They'll never eat all that bread," complained Mrs. Adams.

"Oh, I don't know," Alex helped himself to a slice and started munching.

"I seem to remember seeing you in Alice Springs," he said casually to Miss X. "My wife and I were staying at the Lampden Arms."

"Oh, were you?" Miss X seemed disinclined to pursue this line of conversation. Her head was bent over her task

and she did not look at Alex again.

Soon after this, they were rejoined by Carter and his two women companions. Mrs. Walters started to chatter immediately and wasted no time in rousing her husband from his siesta. Her talk was mainly of the tower she vowed she had seen from the helicopter. Her husband suggested that it was an oil rig.

The party sat around on rocks and logs and ate their steaks. They continued to discuss oil search and the possibility of ever making an important discovery in the Ayers Rock area.

"Surely there's been plenty of exploration going on out here." The question was directed at Paxton.

"Sure it goes on, but so far as I know no oil search has been made west of the Rock. They've been looking farther south, but most of the options have lapsed — nothing doing so far . . ."

Carter made an impatient movement.

"Cost is the prohibitive factor. If you've got the finance you can get the drilling companies to keep working . . ."

"What about my tower?" persisted Mrs. Walters. "How can there be an old rig if there has been no search for oil in that direction?"

"You imagined it," said Millicent Bland drily. "The pilot told you it was a mirage and he ought to know."

Paxton looked around the group.

"If any of you want to go up to the Wind Gorge we'd better get started pretty soon."

It appeared that they all wanted to go except Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Walters, who had decided to wait in the bus. Alex Ira-Thompson started walking with Belinda X. She had become quiet and all his efforts to draw her into conversation seemed doomed to failure.

In silence they skirted pools of water and climbed over rocks in a fairly easy ascent. At one point the path branched and they found themselves separated from the others.

PRETENDING to be puffed, Alex suggested that they stop a moment to get their breath.

"Miss Storey, I've been wondering, have you any relatives in Alice Springs?"

She was obviously startled by his question.

"I have one brother in England — that's all!"

"His name wouldn't be 'Storey,' would it?" Alex was determined to provoke her into an admission of her masquerade.

"Why wouldn't it be?"

He turned to look into the oddly intense eyes. "Because that's not your name, either, is it?"

"What are you getting at?" she demanded.

"Believe me, this is not idle curiosity," Alex's brief account of the woman whom he supposed to be Belinda Storey and the fact that she was now in hospital and not likely to recover, caused the legs of the gaunt woman to buckle slowly beneath her. Miss X sank grotesquely to her knees, almost as though in supplication.

"Oh, no, not that," Miss X whispered, more to herself than to him. She muttered something that sounded like "What have I done?"

"You should tell me what you know — it's important," Alex urged, "about Ord's death and about this woman you are impersonating."

"I can't tell you the whole story now," she said with an obvious effort. "Perhaps when we get back to the Lodge



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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



To page 66



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Being driven through blinding rain on a Victorian country road, on a 50-mile dash to the maternity hospital, a reader found herself with a drama on her hands.

Baby arrived on the back seat!

AS a child, I was fascinated by nature. Any form of life has always held a special interest for me, but I didn't know then that many years later I was to have one of nature's most exciting experiences.

It was July 18, 1966. My husband had left for work and I was finishing breakfast. My friend Maggie was staying with us. Her baby, her first, had been due on the 17th, and she was disappointed it hadn't arrived on time.

I hoped she would let me know in enough time to call Silvester, my husband, and reach the hospital. Silvester only worked across the road in the sawmill, but it would take an hour to drive the 50 miles into Orbost to the hospital.

We could do it in 45 minutes, but today the countryside was being lashed by torrential rain. It would be foolish to speed.

Maggie came into the kitchen and sat opposite me. She looked terrible.

"What do you think, Maggie. Will I ring the doctor?" I asked, cheerfully. It was 7.20 a.m.

"I suppose so," she answered. "You would have more idea than I."

Perhaps I should have, as I had had a child the November before, but it was stillborn. It was a caesarean birth, and I had only the first stage of labor.

I telephoned Maggie's doctor and told her: Contractions every 20 minutes . . . an uncomfortable feeling . . .

By JANICE BOSTOK

"Bring her into the surgery so I can examine her to make sure," she said.

Maggie busied herself getting her personal things together as I let my husband know. He rushed over from the mill, grabbed the ready-packed suitcase, flung it into the boot of the car, and we were on our way. It was 7.45 a.m.

Maggie was lying curled up on the back seat of the car. The contractions were getting stronger, and I heard her gasp as we bumped over the ramp at the end of the drive. There was one mile of gravel road before we turned on to the highway at Cann River.

The rain was falling in sheets. All along the road cars were pulling over to wait, as visibility was poor. Silvester said we had better keep going.

I kept turning to Maggie to reassure her, but I could see by her eyes that she wasn't taking much interest in me. The baby wasn't worrying about us, either. It was getting on with the business of being born. It didn't care that we hadn't reached the warm, safe hospital yet.

Silvester was doing a marvellous job of driving. We kept a steady pace. Occasionally he asked anxiously, "How is she, how is she?"

As we passed the small saw-milling town of Cabbage Tree, Maggie let out a faint groan as the water broke.

"Don't worry," I tried to comfort her, "we are almost there." We weren't, but I had to say something. I was frightened. I had no idea whether I would panic or not. I hadn't lead a very adventurous life!

Maggie was past the stage of being afraid. I could see by the perspiration running down her face and her clenched fists that it wouldn't be long.

I tried to think back to the classes

we both had attended at the hospital, and to the books I had read. I kept thinking that if it wasn't going to be a completely normal birth, it wouldn't be happening this way.

"It's coming, it's coming," whispered Maggie, "I can feel it." I leaned over the back of the front seat and grabbed a towel I had brought. I put it down on the seat just as the baby's head arrived.

The towel was the only thing we had in the car—apart from our clothing. The rest of the baby arrived soon after, and I wrapped it in the towel. I knew I must keep it warm. It was exactly 9.22 a.m.

The baby hadn't cried, and I had read somewhere that a new-born baby must cry. I wiped the baby's face with a corner of the towel, and prayed that it would cry.

Maggie was exhausted, but she tried to sit up to see the baby. "Is it dead?" she asked, tearfully. "It didn't cry."

"Of course it did," I told her. "You just can't hear it for the outside noise."

Then, to my greatest relief, the baby did cry. Tears came to my eyes as I watched this new little life. Its skin was a dull grey color, and I remembered in class they told us it would be. I was glad I had attended those classes. A short time later the skin began to turn pink.

We passed a farmhouse, and Silvester asked me if he should stop and telephone for an ambulance. I told him it would take more time to stop and wait than to continue. We drove on in the pouring rain.

Maggie was beginning to get her strength back. She said: "You have just delivered my baby. That's really something to tell your grandchildren!"

She was shivering uncontrollably, even though the car heater was full on and she had my overcoat as well as her own. (Later, in hospital, she had seven blankets and two hot-water bottles around her, and still her teeth chattered.)

I was still on my knees leaning over the seat. I tried to hold the baby steady. My back was beginning to feel on fire. My ribs felt they were being crushed. I hoped I could hold on until we reached the hospital. I heard Silvester blowing the car horn as we drove through town.

Whisked into bed

At the hospital, Silvester parked the car at the main entrance and ran inside. Luckily, my doctor was there, on his morning round. His wife was Maggie's doctor.

I don't know what Silvester said to my doctor, because he rushed out, opened the car door, stood back, and said, "Oh, it's not your wife!" He looked quite relieved to see Maggie on the back seat instead of me. I was six months' pregnant.

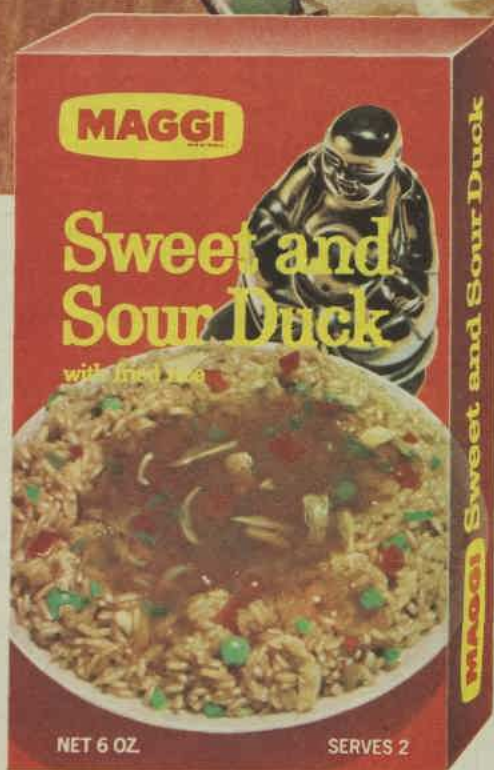
The doctor quickly cut the cord and I handed over my precious little bundle to a waiting sister. Mother and baby were whisked away into bed.

The doctor and matron came to tell me that Maggie and the baby, which was a 6lb. 9oz. girl, were both well. The doctor added with a twinkle, "and you, Mrs. Bostok, can join the staff. We are very short-handed at the moment. You have graduated with honors!"

That night, I telephoned the baby's father, who was nearly 2000 miles away in northern Queensland. I told him the good news. All he could say was, "Holy mackerel, holy mackerel," over and over.

Ten weeks later I gave birth to a 5lb. girl. It was my second caesarean birth, so I am thankful I had the opportunity to see a baby being born as nature intended. It was wonderful.

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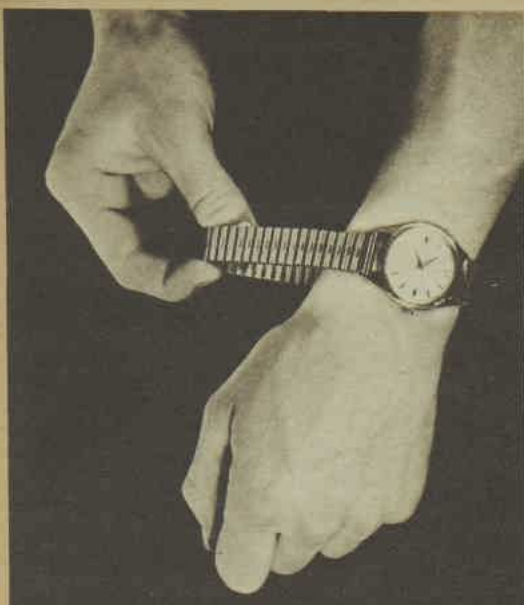
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

EVERY WEEK

and I've had a chance to sort things out in my mind. If I'd had any idea what this was going to lead to . . . still, I'm in it now whether I like it or not . . ."

Miss X was silent for a moment, then continued:

"It seemed like money for jam. It was in Alice that it happened. I was there just filling in time really, when I was approached . . . the proposition was simply that I was to come on this trip occupying a seat in the bus that had been booked in the name of 'Belinda Storey.' I was offered enough to make it an attractive proposition.

"I admit I was suspicious about what was to happen to the other woman, but an assurance was given that no harm was likely to come to her . . . it was just that they didn't want to have Miss Storey's seat left unoccupied, as she'd booked through the tourist bureau.

"They didn't want any questions asked — and they did not want Miss Storey coming out here for some reason they didn't explain . . . it wasn't my business, anyway, I suppose." She broke off momentarily.

"We'll have a talk as soon as we get back . . ." Miss X sounded relieved at the prospect of sharing her worries. "I can't explain now — there's not enough time — half of it is only guesswork . . ."

Thick scrub had sheltered them completely from the other section of the track. Hurrying on, they joined the other members of the party on a broad, rocky platform.

The wind tore past them from the chasm. The rock on which they stood was as flat as the proverbial pancake and without a single handhold anywhere. They were forced to crouch to avoid being swept backward.

GINGERLY, from their squatting positions, they peered over the edge and the wind gave them a vicious buffeting. Hundreds of feet below them in the gorge there were massive rock formations huddled together like strange prehistoric creatures seeking mutual protection.

Suddenly, Phil Carter threw himself flat on the rock. A few yards away a small boulder had splintered into fragments.

The shot had been unheard in the turmoil of the wind. Carter, alone, seemed to realise that they were being shot at. Then Alex Ira-Thompson, still close to Miss X, grabbed her by her thin hips, forcing her down still farther on the rock.

The rest of the group scrambled for the shelter of a few ragged bushes that grew some twenty yards back toward the path.

Alex scanned the cliff face on the southern perimeter from which the shot had seemed to come, but there was no sign of the gunman. Taking slight comfort from the fact that the man had not aimed at anyone, unless he was a remarkably poor shot, he also made a dash for it.

After some delay the party decided to return to the bus, fearing at every step that more shots would come their way, but the gunman had evidently done his work in causing them to leave the platform. They regained the shelter of the bus in safety.

Emmy Ira-Thompson hurried along the main street of Alice Springs. She had only one thought hammering in her mind. She must get to the police station as quickly as possible. The matron of the hospital had been very kind, but she had also been non-committal.

The woman who had been flown in from The Oasis Cafe

had died that morning. It seemed impossible any longer to hold back from thinking that she had probably been murdered.

If she had taken something in an effort to end her life she would not have been likely to make a wild chase in a taxi to catch up with a bus for Ayers Rock.

This unknown woman had been fighting to get to a destination she had evidently intended reaching before she became ill . . .

Emmy left the crowded shopping area and headed toward the southern outskirts of the town. She felt that it was out of the question to telephone the police. She must go personally and tell them.

However, it turned out that Detective — Sergeant Burton had been in contact with Alex and knew all the developments. There was nothing Emmy could tell him that he did not already know. The matron had telephoned him as soon as the woman died.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Ira-Thompson," Burton said, in answer to Emmy's slightly hysterical account. "Just go back to your hotel and try to forget the whole thing."

"Do you know who she was, Sergeant Burton? What her name was?" Her voice was a dry whisper.

Burton hesitated a moment. "Yes, actually we do! She was an unmarried woman and her name was 'Belinda Storey.'"

Emmy gaped at him in disbelief.

It couldn't have been, she thought with renewed panic. But she merely thanked him for the information without further comment. At least she knew or thought she knew now why Alex had felt compelled to go on to the Rock.

Somehow or other he'd discovered the woman's name. And with a camera entrusted to his care belonging to another woman of the same name who was already on the bus . . .

Detective-Sergeant Burton watched her leave the police station. Such a sensible-looking woman and yet she behaved like a panic-stricken girl.

Sergeant Woods had reported the details of Ord's death at Ayers Rock to Burton on his return.

As it was necessary to find the deceased's next of kin, to notify them, a report was sent immediately to the police in Adelaide.

It was not difficult to establish that Mr. Ord had come to Australia a month earlier, that he'd been in touch with a department of the University of Adelaide during the few days he'd spent in that city, and that he'd set out for Alice Springs and Ayers Rock on a definite mission.

What that mission was the scientists with whom he had conferred declined to say specifically, but the police had been told that the little man, who had died so tragically, had been privately commissioned in his capacity as a geophysicist.

Another fact that had been made known was that Septimus had been interested in Duboisia hopwoodii for a commercial reason. He'd intended to explore the possibility of using it as a source of supply of tobacco alkaloids for use in the manufacture of insecticides, and he was fully aware of its poisonous properties. The Australian native tree would have been a much cheaper proposition than growing tobacco leaf for the purpose.

The woman who had been taken to hospital had remained in a coma until she died. It seemed likely that

she was poisoned, but there was as yet no proof.

Burton ran a large hand through his thinning hair and tossed the sheaf of reports to one side of his desk. It had been decided that he should fly to the Lodge for talks with Inspector Ira-Thompson, but there was something he had to check on first.

"Well, one thing's certain — this chap didn't climb any rocks in his bare feet!"

Burton, with Sergeant Woods, stood looking down at Ord's feet, which had been uncovered for an inspection that they were making at Ira-Thompson's request. The feet were completely unmarked.

"It wouldn't be likely, would it, particularly for an Englishman, middle-aged and rather a fastidious type, to go out in the middle of the night and start climbing a rock that's rather difficult going if you're not used to it," Burton said.

"Let's look at the knees," he added. "I hear that for most people climbing the Rock is a hands-and-knees job in certain places, and to fall into the chasm where the body was found Ord would have to have been well up, perhaps a thousand feet, on the climbing face."

WOODS agreed that Ord couldn't possibly have fallen from a lesser height and landed where he was found.

"And the climbing slope — it's the only part where you can make an ascent with reasonable safety, isn't it?"

Woods considered. "Well, just about. The place where they climb is a definite ridge or spur on the western side. For practised climbers it's just a snack — but it's not easy for the new chum."

An inspection of Septimus Ord's knees failed to disclose

any significant marking. The two policemen continued their conversation while scrubbing their hands in the washroom, and later, as they left the building to stroll beneath the trees in the police station garden.

Burton began to elaborate on certain points that seemed to establish the improbability of Ord's having fallen from the Rock.

"Ord's a middle-aged man," he said. "He's been travelling all day. It's hard going. Nobody could call those bus seats clouds of comfort, and the road's rough. They've had to cope with a storm, getting lost, and sudden death in the space of a few hours."

"They arrive at the Lodge five hours late — probably about eleven thirty at night — the passengers are exhausted — no doubt of that. Can you imagine any of them wanting to go out into the night to start scaling a cliff?"

"Not really," said Woods. "I guess that most of them would want a hot shower and a drink and then to bed."

"But what do we find?" Burton went on. "A tired, middle-aged Englishman suddenly transported across a mile of sandy, pebble-strewn waste to the Rock. And, if he'd gone a thousand feet up the climbing slope, it would have taken him at least an hour and a half from the time of leaving the Lodge."

The two men looked at each other in dawning realisation. The same thought had occurred in both minds. The postmortem had established the time of death at approximately 1 a.m.

"It couldn't be done!" Burton was emphatic. "Ord would have to have left the Lodge immediately on arriving. He had never been into the area before. It is quite impossible that he would have known what direction to take to reach the climbing slope, or even that he could have distinguished it in the semi-dark."

Burton's face was grim. "That leaves us with the helicopter," he said.

To be concluded

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● **NOTE:** If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
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Salt and pepper
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Poppy seeds
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Combine butter, onion, parsley, garlic, salt and pepper, Parmesan, and mix well. Open White Wings Refrigerated Buttermilk or Country Style Scones as directed on packet and split each scone horizontally. Spread each side of scone with onion butter. Grease a loaf tin, 10 x 5 x 2 1/2. Place buttered scones on edge and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in a fairly hot oven, 400° F., for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from tin and cool.



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Note: Recipes must include name of recipe, ingredients, quantities, method of making up, baking time and temperature (gas or electric). Professional Chefs and Home Economists ineligible. Entries close August 9th.

NAME _____
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Tick sections in which your recipes are entered:

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5

If not yet 18 on August 9 place tick in box ☐



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Laughing to scorn



• Can someone inform me why certain comedy shows on TV have canned laughter? Maybe producers think viewers are not intelligent enough to laugh in the right place, and need prompting. Or else they are not quite sure how funny their program is, and it makes them feel better to know that somebody, at least, is laughing. Canned laughter is unnecessary and sounds phony. I wish producers would let us do our own laughing. I know I'm quite capable.

ELISABETH HAUPTMANN, Pialligo, A.C.T.

Matter of facts

I THINK that a lot of the trouble all over the world today is due to the ignorance of the people. Most of them have little or no idea of what is going on. They should know for themselves what to do in cases of voting, striking, and other major decisions, instead of just following others. This could be partly brought about by learning, at school,

more about current world affairs, instead of about past events. — "Current Affairs," Glenroy, Vic.

Same problem

WHEN I attended school most of the girl students I knew complained bitterly of having to wear a uniform, as it made them all look alike (etc., etc.). Now, two years later, they still look alike, as all wear mini-skirts,

LETTERS

pale lipsticks, have their hair cut short, and everything one of their friends does or buys they do likewise. It seems to me, a mere male, that they have not progressed beyond their school-uniform days. — Donald Barry, Kalinga, Qld.

Seeing life

UNTIL recently I had been content to live a very regular, routine life with a limited range of interests and activities. But now I have opened my eyes to the real world, and a young life that offers countless avenues of interests to explore. My advice is to stop walking about with your eyes closed, and wake up to a colorful world that's happening. Take a real interest in all manner of different things. Try to understand other people's points of view, and learn to discover and appreciate everything that life has to offer. — "Jeanie," Langhorne Creek, S.A.

A friend lost...

SOME advice for those who have just finished going steady: Making and breaking friendships is a part of life. Your world has not ended. It only seems that way for as long as you like to think it so. He/she is not the only person in the world you can

For teenagers

and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will take it and sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with a breath of kindness, blow the rest away." A lovely proverb. — Anne Hudson, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Wrong idea

IT is often said that it is useless for a girl to continue her education because she may marry. Adults (particularly fathers), with old-fashioned ideas about their daughters' futures, should allow them to make their own decisions. There are few opportunities for a girl with a low educational standard to find the job to which she feels drawn. Perhaps your daughter will marry. But with a higher education, after she has raised her family, she will be able to go back to her career and avoid the monotony of the home. — E.F., Bringelly, N.S.W.

Big gamble

DURING the working week one can listen to the radio, and programs catering for all tastes can be heard. Then comes Saturday, and when you try to pick up some modern music, racing news and sports hold the monopoly. This is particularly the case in the country, with fewer stations. Can't the teenagers be catered for, or are the TAB results all important? — Dan Allen, Evans Head, N.S.W.

GO-MANGO



get along with. Crawl out of your shell of misery and find other people. Don't go trying to find someone else to take his/her place. Join a group and make new friends. You'll forget your troubles, and before you know it, you'll be enjoying yourself again. It really works. — "No Longer Sad," Ashgrove, Qld.

... and found

READING through a book of proverbs, I came across this beautiful Arab proverb on friendship: "A friend is one to whom one may pour out all the confidence of one's heart, chaff

Beauty in brief:

KEEP AN EYE ON GLAMOR

Brown eyes—or blue or green—don't just happen. You must pamper your eyes, experiment for the most flattering make-up, and keep them bright with enough beauty sleep.

The most natural (and necessary) treatment is enough sleep. This varies from six to eight hours according to the individual. Some people need less sleep than others—but don't be afraid to admit it if you need much more.

• Experimenting

For stunning make-up to flatter your eyes, you must experiment. Here are some tips to try:

Look down into a mirror held below face-level when you do eye make-up. You'll find it much easier to paint on shadow, liner, and apply those false eyelashes, too.

Help disguise laughter lines (if you must! They can be cute) with the merest trace of pearlescent highlight below the outer corner of the eye. Copy sly-eyed film actress Geraldine Chaplin's way of adding a tiny black dot among lower lashes, just below the centre of each eye, for that exciting wide-eyed look.

• Highlights

Try mixing two shadows together. You could use a faint grey shadow as a base with a touch of green or blue in the centre. This is also a very subtle way of adding color to grey eyes.

If you wear glasses, be more heavy-handed with make-up. Your eyes are not only seen but they are highlighted by glasses.

Set eye-shadow with talcum powder. It's lighter, more transparent, and gives an attractive delicate effect.

In all innocence

ONE day our family was discussing the conscription of Normie Rowe. Our views could not match those of our youngest brother, five, whose words were: "If they call me, I'll hang up the phone." — Melania Bleaney, Lynham, A.C.T.

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BOND'S

READER'S STORY

That little word 'please' means a lot

● You'll find your children say "please" and "thank you" without prompting if you say it to THEM, says a Queensland mother.

WHEN I was 12, I went to a schoolfriend's place for afternoon tea. As my friend's mother set out biscuits and lemonade, she turned to her younger daughter and said, "Hilary, dear, get a tea-cloth for me, will you, please?"

The little girl obeyed cheerfully, and her mother took the cloth, saying with a smile, "Thank you, dear."

I was astounded and touched by this simple incident.

My own mother was a great one for saying "Set the table!" "Wipe up!" "Feed the cat!" Yet woe betide me if I forgot a please or thank you.

But my mother never said please, and I never ever did anything for her with a good grace.

The incident with my friend's mother remained in my mind, and I decided that when I had children I would ask them to do things and always say please.

I did, too, and never had to teach my children to say please and thank you. They said it as a matter of course.

Naturally, kids being kids, there were times when a first request didn't get through and was followed by a firm, "I said—pick up your toys!", but orders were only given for safety ("Don't touch!") or in anger ("Don't ever put sand in the washing-machine again!").

Helpful, obliging

Generally speaking, it worked like a charm. From earliest toddlerhood all three children were helpful and obliging and, as teenagers, they still are.

This story comes to mind now because of a conversation I had recently with a young neighbor.

"I've had a row with Mum," she said. "We are always rowing. I do lots of jobs around the house and I don't mind, because Mum works. But she is always telling me 'Do this!' 'Do that!' and I hate it. I can't stand her to order me about!"

"She probably doesn't mean it," I said, "but I understand how you feel. It isn't any trouble to say please."

"You always do," came the unexpected voice of my 18-year-old son, who had been reading, apparently oblivious of the "girl talk" going on.

His comment surprised me, as I wasn't aware that he had noticed one way or the other.

But he had noticed, all right, just as my little friend had noticed, and been angered by this small omission on the part of her mother, an intelligent and talented woman who should have known better.

Such a little word, but what a world of difference it can make!

READER'S STORY

POOR DOROTHY MORRISON! The sad tale of her junk-yard front door (Readers' Stories, June 19) really upset me. To think she could have had her door with comparative ease, if she hadn't married the wrong Morrison!

MY marriage certificate gave me a husband AND a half-share in an old front door—oak-panelled, glass-paned, and brass-knocked to the eyebrows!

Of course, in return I had to promise to love, honor, and obey The Door as well!

Long before we met, my hus-

An old oak door was part of the marriage contract!

band had found it in a heap of builder's junk—a very heavy, very old, battered front door.

He cherished it for years (along with an earthenware breadcrack, a 100-year-old shotgun with a broken stock, and two antique, quite unroadworthy Baby Austins), and after we were married The Door moved into our tiny suburban cottage with us. I mean "moved into" literally. We

had no garage, so it lived behind our wardrobe.

When we moved (this time with two small children as well), The Door came, too, into an upstairs, one-bedroomed flat, behind the wardrobe again.

The difficulty of carting such a piece of impedimenta can hardly be imagined, but once again we risked it, to our present home. Here, it lay neglected

on its side at the back of the garage for seven or eight years.

We rediscovered it during one of those periodic clean-ups, and nothing could prevent my husband from having our perfectly good front door removed and this one hung in its place.

Ours, like Dorothy Morrison's door, was too small for the opening, but edge-stripping fixed that. It needed the loving care of a french polisher, too.

Now, after languishing for almost 20 years, it has blossomed again—and, I must confess, very beautifully.

—Heather Morrison

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4698.—Girl's two-way wrap dress without side seams. Sizes: Small (7-8), medium (10-12), large (14). Price 55c includes postage.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

HIDDEN beneath a city harbor on Earth, the Baboos send their "mission accomplished" message home. The Baboo chief relays his terms to Magna. READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A city that had a tea-party (6).
- Furnish and provide thing needed (6).
- Above period for extra work (8).
- Perch around a highway (4).
- Knocked out and ran for Mohammedan scriptures (5).
- A non-commissioned officer of good behaviour (7).
- "Crazy" money for cakes fried in fat (9).
- A ship to navigate around morning (7).
- Cut a set of twenty (5).
- Therefore behold a card game (4).
- A mould, indeed, is mis-shapen (8).
- A kind of piano for an actor (6).
- Married about last, but proceeded (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Obstructed a fastener in bed (7).
- Transfixed with a pointed weapon and hurried around an organ (7).
- Frequently belonging to a number (5).
- A number in harbor is a bad omen (7).
- Fifty-one skilful and responsible (6).
- Go astray and a message (6).
- Concurred with a hungry desire (6).
- A place for prayer or a Conservative (7).
- Raged and boarded about a thousand (7).
- Corrected when morning finished (7).
- Saunter along the street with a list (6).
- Fourteen pounds of rock (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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(also 16-page lift-out)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 17, 1968

N235-6-68

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News

New zest for that old favorite

THE DIRNDL SKIRT

Here is the 1968 version of the dirndl skirt, now on a new fashion fling that looks like gathering momentum in a big way in spring/summer. This bonded striped skirt is in two shades of deep and pale pink and has a wide, slotted black patent belt. XSSW-W. \$5.99. Topping the skirt is a hot-pink sheer blouse with pleated front, double collar and cuffs. XSSW-W. \$7.99. (Waltons, Town Hall.)



Going to a winter ball or party? Perfect for either occasion is this young and feminine dress featuring an all-in-one velvet skirt and frilly organza blouse. In black/white, brown/bone. XXSSW-SW. About \$22.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Roselands, Parramatta, Wollongong, and Canberra.)



At left: Spectacular kite dress in beige or nutmeg pure wool, richly embroidered on front and shoulder-line with gold. By Mona Crawford. Size 12. About \$55. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th Floor.)

Below: Glamorous gold- and - silver - embossed brocade evening ensemble. The short-sleeved dress has sequin-trimmed roll collar and the rather tailored coat has an inverted back pleat. SSW-W. About \$150. (Wilson's, 180 Pitt Street.)

LONG AND SHORT

FOR
SPECIAL
OCCASIONS



● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

Below: A fluffy feather boa adds a frivolous note to this crepe party dress with front zip and bow. It is in black, white, blue, pink. XXSSW-SW. About \$23.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Roselands, Parramatta, Wollongong, Canberra.)



At left: Elegant cocktail frock has a satin-trimmed, sheer chiffon tunic poised over a slim crepe shift and is finished with a large shoulder bow. In black, white, chocolate, brown. XXSSW-W. About \$21.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Roselands, Parramatta, Wollongong, Canberra.)

Below: Imported from Italy, this sequin frock and matching handbag are in colorful yellow, pink, and black. XSSW-SW. About \$48. Bag \$7.99. (Curzon's, After Five Shop, 2nd Floor.)



● **Fashions
in the
SHOPS**



Smart-as-paint young coatdress in black-and-white Prince of Wales check wool dashed with white pique collar and cuffs has pearl-button closing. In range of sizes. About \$29. (David Jones' Budget Coat Dept., 2nd floor.)

At right: Casual glamor in a mini-length, natural-color kangaroo coat with deep revers and big-button trim. From \$110. (Curzons, Fur Salon 1st floor.)



Beige antelope suede vest looks very much to the point worn with a black sweater and striped neckscarf. About \$50. (Cornelius Leather and Suede Dept., King and Castlereagh Sts.)

CASUAL and CAREFREE





Green-and-navy tartan vest and pleated maxi-skirt is wool outfit, available in a range of tartans and checks. By Princeton. XSSW-W. About \$18. Green-and-navy tam-o'-shanter, about \$10. (David Jones', 3rd floor.)



Trim little skirt in beige wool with chain detail at side is in a range of colors including brown, black, red, navy. By Smart Eez. XXSSW-W. About \$5. (Farmer's, David Jones', Grace Bros., Waltons.)



Fashionable shaping in a vest suit in Scandinavian print of orange/gold/lime/lemon by Carola. The skirt has deep inverted pleats back and front. An individual model, size 12. About \$70. Brown crepe cotton skirt, about \$8.25. (David Jones', 6th and 3rd floors.)

At left: Neat-as-a-pin look of a camel-wool skirt with hipline pockets and stitched front panel, XSSW-SW, about \$15.50, and a manish striped cotton blouse, XSSW-W, about \$6.50. This blouse is available in range of stripes, checks, and plains. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Sportswear Depts.)



At left: Classic wool jacket ensemble with Thai-silk overblouse and jacket trim is available in brown, cerise, jade. SW-XW. About \$56. (Grace Bros. Bondi, Roselands, Parramatta Fashion Depts.)



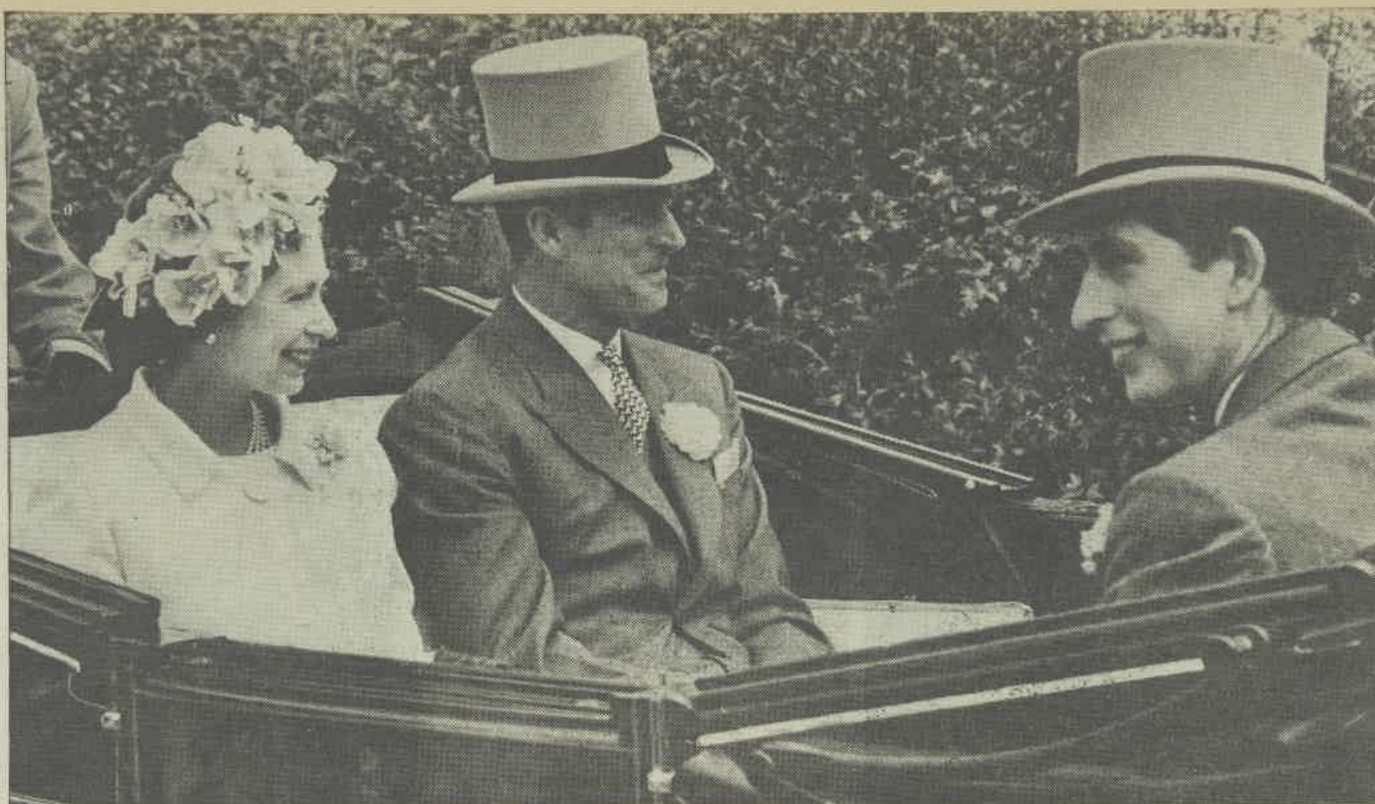
Elegant long evening gown is in pastel silk shantung with pearl-embossed raglan sleeves. SSW-W. About \$115. (Wilson's, 180 Pitt Street.)

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN

Fashions in
the shops



At left: Double-breasted, high-belted, grey-flannel suit, on left, with navy lapels and shoulder epaulets is from Spain. About \$88. Hand-tailored suit, at right, in navy-blue wool by Jack Clarke, of Dublin, about \$168. Individual models size 12. (David Jones' Suit Dept., 6th Floor.)



The Queen, Prince Philip, and Prince Charles driving down the course in an open carriage on the first day of Royal Ascot. It was Prince Charles' first attendance at the meeting. The Queen wore a silk coat - and - dress ensemble and a pretty flowered hat. London fashion writers acclaimed this year's Ascot one of the best-dressed, with more real fashion and fewer gimmicks than previously.

THE ROYALS AT ASCOT



Princess Margaret showed her preference for beret-style hats this season when she appeared at Royal Ascot. At left, sitting beside the Queen Mother in a carriage on the opening day of Ascot, she wore a Scottish-type beret with a coat-and-dress ensemble, and on the second day of the meeting, below left, she again favored the beret style, this time a smaller one with a white flower tucked into the headline. On both occasions the Queen Mother chose frothy, feminine hats with flowers and soft, misty veiling.



Princess Alexandra proved a royal eye-catcher at Ascot in her wide-brimmed hat and bright multi-colored striped coat with an intricate triangular neckline.



The Duchess of Kent didn't disappoint the crowds at Ascot when she arrived in a beautifully tailored silk shantung coatdress and a fluted-brimmed hat highlighted with flowers.



Black-and-white lace umbrella was a fashion accessory as well as protection from the sunshine for Royal Ascot racegoer Carol Hewitt, above. She wore a white turban hat and white dress and jacket, highlighted with a black-and-white silk belt.

Millionaire's daughter Jayne Horries, at right, was turned away from Ascot because she was wearing a white silk trouser-suit. But the 17-year-old deb came prepared for emergencies — she disappeared into her father's Rolls-Royce and emerged a few minutes later in this blue-and-white lace mini-dress. It was, said the officials, quite acceptable, so Jayne proceeded to the Royal Enclosure.



What people are wearing overseas . . .

The Marchioness of Tavistock, at left, looked charming in a bold paisley - printed dress and matching turban-style hat. She was one of the many among the more conservatively dressed Royal Ascot racegoers who favored the just-above-the-knee hemline.

Canadian - born Tandy Cronyn, at right, was a crowd-stopper when she arrived at the royal race meeting in her flower ensemble, made entirely of real chrysanthemums, roses, and carnations. At the first sign of wilting, her top-hatted escort was ready with a miniature watering can.





Above: Most eyes at Ascot were turned on fancy, flowery, and frilly hats, but these legs (belonging to an unknown racegoer) were striking enough in embroidered lace stockings to capture the attention of a cameraman.

At left: The Spanish look at Ascot—Mrs. P. L. Risdon wore a black velvet mini-skirt and bolero embroidered in white with a white long-sleeved senorita blouse. She added a jaunty hat.

At right: Among the many visitors to Ascot this year, who chose black and white, was Mrs. Una-Mary Barker, who wore a shell-shaped white organdie hat with a sleeveless black linen dress.



AT ROYAL ASCOT



A Royal Ascot regular, Mrs. Gertrude Shilling, lived up to her reputation for wearing the bizarre, when she appeared on the first and second days of the 1968 meeting. On the opening day, at right, she wore an enormous black-and-white hat with giant-size initials with a black-and-white dress, and completed the effect with one white stocking and one black. On the second day, at left, she wore what she described as her "William Tell" hat—a huge white straw with a black-and-white arrow piercing the crown.



WHAT PEOPLE



Mrs. Michael Grace wore a grey jersey cardigan-style dress with a camel knitted inset and camel trim to the cocktail party held at Adams Hotel by the social committee of the Ski Council of N.S.W. Her accessories were cinnamon patent shoes and bag.

At right: Camel wool was elegant for Mrs. Richard Newell's cross-over coat-style dress, which featured tortoiseshell buttons and a large oval tortoiseshell buckle. Mrs. Newell was a guest at the luncheon at Fisherman's Lodge organised by the Carousel Committee, which works for Legacy.



White silk polo-necked evening shirt strikingly accented the black velvet cocktail suit worn by Mrs. George Mooratoff to the Ski Council's party. Her accessories were black fishnet stockings and black Italian patent shoes and bag.



Mrs. Ron Farquharson highlighted her sun-yellow wool ensemble with long black leather boots at the gay luncheon and art show which the newly formed Carousel Committee held at Fisherman's Lodge Restaurant at Watson's Bay.



Two guests at the Carousel Committee luncheon who looked smart in black were Mrs. Robert Sting, left, and Mrs. Howard Rivett. Mrs. Sting's long-sleeved dress was topped with a short cut-out cape, and she added lizard accessories; Mrs. Rivett chose a black shirt-maker with a white wool trim and long black boots.

ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

At right: Poncho-style shirt of wild sunny colors—pinks, purples, and lemon—teams well with Mrs. Laszlo's sun-yellow jeans. She bought both on a visit to Acapulco en route to Scotland.



OVERSEAS FASHION WARDROBE

MRS. JOHN LASZLO, wife of a Sydney surgeon, recently returned from five months abroad, where she visited her family home in Edinburgh, Scotland, and took the chance to collect some elegant outfits in Mexico, London, Rome, and Paris.

Although she found Mexico was marvellous for gay sportswear, Mrs. Laszlo thinks Europe still leads the fashion field.

"London was very bright but a bit too gimmicky for me," she said. "Paris on the other hand was its usual elegant self—but rather too reserved to be exciting."

Mrs. Laszlo loved Rome. "Italian fashions are so chic. Not too fussy, and they are superbly styled in beautiful fabrics. And Italian accessories are way out in front," she said.

Here Mrs. Laszlo models four of the outfits she bought while she was overseas.

Elegant beige whipcord shift was designed by Pierre Cardin and bought by Mrs. Laszlo on her visit to Paris. The A-line dress features a high round-neck and three-quarter-length sleeves. Mrs. Laszlo wears it with a beige feather hat by Mima of Naples.



Stunning white gown by Pertegaz of London is Mrs. Laszlo's favorite evening dress. Of draped silk jersey, the gown is strapless, but features an interesting shoulder stole which can be worn in several different ways, including around the head in a hood style or simply falling from the shoulders.



At left: Mrs. Laszlo's tricolor shift from France, designed by Avagaroff, is in navy wool featuring a red-and-white unusual yoke effect. She wears it with white leather gloves, shoes and bag from France, and a large white breton which she bought in London.

OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK

● These four budget fashions in cosy, colourful wool are special offers from the stores to our readers. Stocks are available now, so make your choice right away.



Two simple sweater styles to perk up winter wardrobes. Fully fashioned burnt - orange lambswool design, at left, \$5.99. Blue wool jumper, at right, in wave pattern, \$4.99. Both in range of colors, SSW-W. (From Horderns Mid-city Store, 2nd Floor.)

At left: Cute mini-dress in hot-pink pure wool with highline belt is by Who. Available in pale pink also. XXSSW-SW. Specially reduced to \$9. (Exclusive to Horderns Mid-City Young Designer Shop, 2nd Floor.)

At right: Slimming wool skimmer maternity design, welted at neck and cuffs, has knotted tie. In mango, marine-blue, pink, hot-pink, and pink with stripes. XSSW-W. \$13. (Available all Grace Bros. Maternity Shops.)





Women's Weekly presents

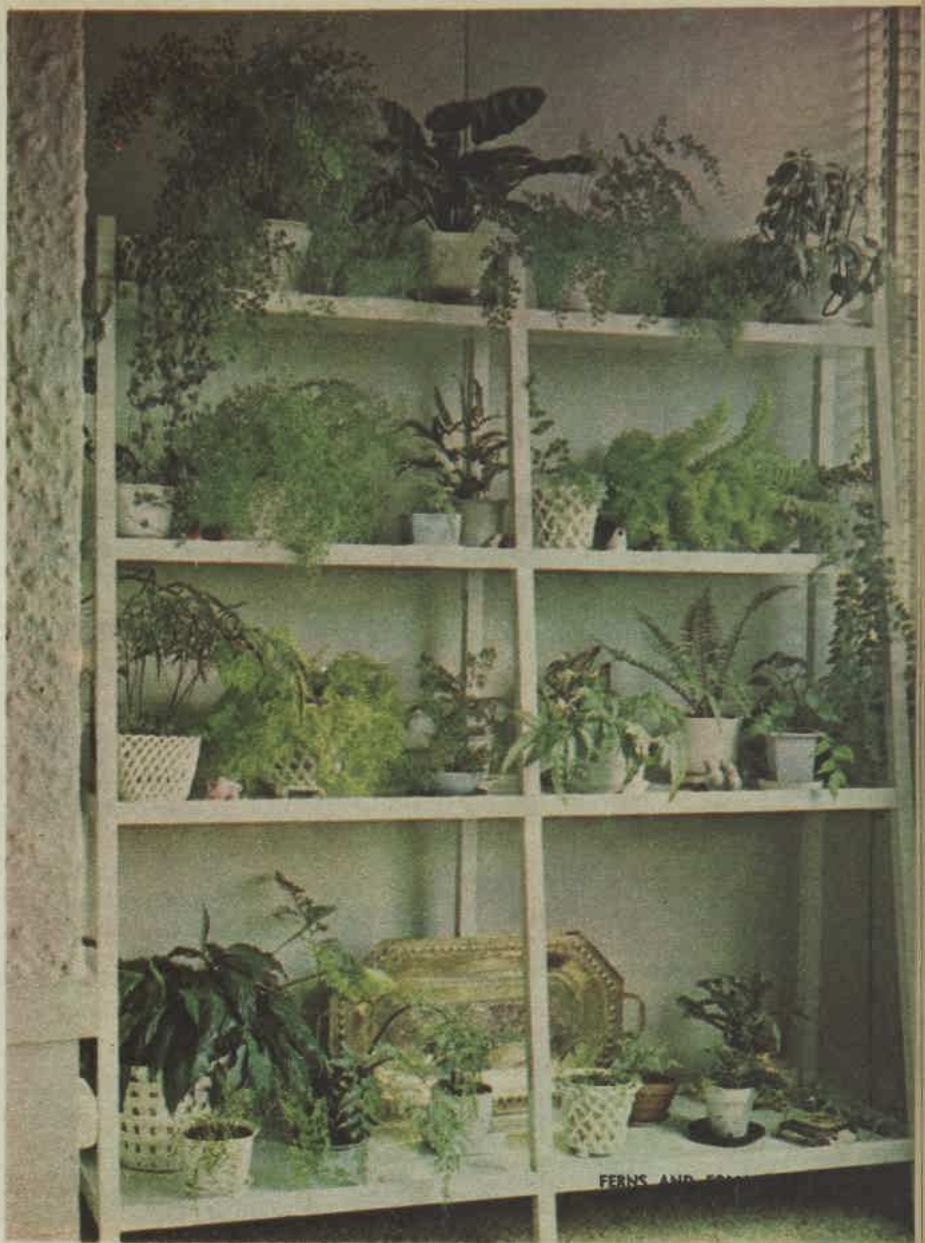
Ferns and Foliage



Care and cultivation of ferns and
plants which complement them; and
lists of some of the best ones.

By ALLAN SEALE

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 17, 1968



FERNS AND FOLIAGE



Ferns

are among the more primitive forms of plant life, having changed little over the millions of years since they made up most of the earth's vegetation.

● This booklet is about plants which are grown expressly for the beauty of their foliage and formation — plants for indoors and out, particularly those suited to shaded or covered areas, and for places where it is hard to grow flowering plants.

Mostly, it is about ferns . . . so soft and beautiful to look at, and now enjoying again the kind of popularity they had in the Victorian era.

Ferns are ideal for people who live in flats and home units and must have their gardens in containers. They also flourish in those damp, shady patches which taller buildings create and which can be such a problem to the outdoor gardener.

The fern frond outlined on this page is the giant maidenhair, *Adiantum formosum*.

Botanically, they are divided from so-called higher forms of plant life by the fact that they do not flower, but this lack of flower is certainly compensated by the beauty of their foliage.

In evolution, ferns are a step up from the mosses, as they do have stems, leaves, and a true root system, but both mosses and ferns reproduce their kind in the same manner—from dust-like spores which form on the backs of the foliage and grown when they fall or blow on to a suitably moist place.

Each spore first grows into a tiny, kidney-shaped body known as a protallus, and it is this that carries out a function similar to a flower. Male and female parts develop in the protallus, and only after fertilisation does the first tiny frond of the fern plant emerge.

(See *Growing Ferns from Spores*, page 7.)



FERNS . . .

lacy, weeping,
crisply elegant

In spite of their fragile beauty, ferns are among the easiest plants to grow indoors. They are not as sensitive as other plants to overwatering — that bane of indoor-plant growers — and given moist air, acid soil, and moderate light will luxuriate in your living-room. They need little feeding.



ABOVE: *Cyrtomium*, the holly fern.

ABOVE: A beautiful specimen of the common maidenhair, *Adiantum aethiopicum*.



RIGHT: The lace fern, *Nephrolepis whitmanii*.



LEFT: *Pteris cretica variegata*, also known as variegated brake.

How to keep your ferns happy



Ferns need humidity and moisture to flourish but don't insist on strong light, and need little feeding. Details about these things are given in this section of the book, as well as information on repotting, dividing, soil, general care, and control of pests.

TO understand the conditions ferns prefer, look at their natural habitats. Thousands of species of ferns occur naturally from the polar regions to the equator, but the greatest variety and most luxuriant ones are found in humid, coastal regions, especially in the rain forests.

Most of the **TERRESTRIAL** or **GROUND FERN**s flourish in damp, shaded, sheltered areas, their roots spreading through a carpet of moist leafmould.

EPIPHYTE ferns, such as elkhorns, staghorns, bird's nest, and scabbard ferns, grow on trees in humid rain forests, their roots clinging to the moist trunks, absorbing nutrients from the air and from moisture seeping from particles of rotted leafmould and other organic material.

The conical formation of the bird's nest fern and the protruding, shield-like nest leaves at the backs of stag or elkhorns are designed to trap falling leaves, pieces of bark, etc., which help to hold moisture and rot down progressively, feeding these plants.

Even the terrestrial ferns such as maidenhair, fishbone, and brake are sometimes found growing luxuriantly from the face of a rock or damp wall. Their roots are embedded in a thin film of moss or a tiny crevice, but soil is absent.

They subsist happily on the soil moisture slowly seeping through the rock, and in these areas the air around them will also be constantly moist—and moist air seems to be the key to growing ferns successfully indoors.

Perhaps it is significant that ferns were grown so extensively and successfully for indoor decoration in the Victorian era. They were, in fact, the first plants used indoors.

Humidity in most homes then would be higher than today. Kettles continuously simmered on the fuel stove, and windows were usually curtained with flimsy material that diffused

The rate of evaporation increases with room temperatures, creating a relatively high humidity, provided there is protection from draughts that would disperse the vapor.

This rate of humidity is not enough to cause dampness in walls or furnishings, and does, in fact, make the atmosphere healthier and more comfortable for general living.

LIGHT: Most ferns do not need a great intensity of light. They grow well in rooms lighted only by southern windows, or where direct sunlight is broken by light curtaining. Too much shade is indicated by thin, drawn

If foliage dies off in winter, as it will with some varieties, let them dry out a little more, but slight moisture should still be evident in the soil.

A daily misting of the foliage with water in summer will help keep them growing more luxuriantly. A small atomiser or household fly-sprayer will do it, but refill with clean water every few days.

Another way is to run a finger along the bristles of a wet nailbrush, held bristles uppermost. This produces a shower of droplets—but run the finger along the bristles toward oneself so it is the fern that receives the shower!

Most ferns resent hard, limy water, and if the mains supply is like this they will only grow satisfactorily if tank water can be spared for them.

FEEDING: Ferns require little feeding. The safest and most natural way is to sprinkle a little well-crumbled rotted leafmould or rotted animal manure over the surface, lightly water-

Create indoor humidity for your plants by grouping them around or over water.

direct sunlight. There also was less heating to dry out the air.

Also, many homes boasted a moist fernhouse, where the plants were spelled occasionally.

Then came gas fumes, which ferns resent, and the dry heat of electric radiators. Ferns were gradually replaced by aspidistras and kentia palms, which are less sensitive to environment.

But you can enjoy ferns without kettles simmering on fuel stoves or special fernhouses by creating indoor humidity around the plants. Firstly, it does help to have several plants grouped together. Group them around a bowl of water, or stand the pots in a trough or tray of pebbles with water kept just below the top of the pebbles.

fronds. It is then time to give them a spell out of doors to recover.

In light sunrooms they are best protected from direct sunlight. Watch the humidity level here, as this is inclined to drop abnormally, especially in winter when the closed room is heated by direct sunlight through a large area of glass.

WATERING: Ferns like more water than most other house plants growing under similar conditions. For most of the year they need daily watering. The soil should always be damp, and it is a good idea to soak the pots at least fortnightly by immersing them in a bucket of water until bubbles cease to rise. The water need only just cover the soil.

ing to wash it into the soil. Fowl manure is too strong and may cause damage.

This topdressing also helps keep the soil moist and in a good crumbly physical condition. Use only about a tablespoon twice a year to a 5in.-diameter pot or the crown of the fern may become too deeply buried.

Don't use strong chemical fertilisers. These boost established growth, but often burn off the delicate embryo fronds folded at or below soil level. Hence the plant suddenly collapses several months later, as new growth has not developed to replace aging fronds.

The safest chemical foods for ferns are complete liquid plant foods such as Thrive, Aquasol, or Zest, used at the

You need to repot only when a container becomes overcrowded or growth thin

rate of a level teaspoon to the gallon of water, and applied once a month in warmer weather. Even so, apply them when the soil in the container is moist, and make sure the plants do not want for water for about a week afterward.

REPOTTING: Most ferns prefer to be slightly rootbound, with their stolons, or creeping stems, pressing around the side of the pot. Repotting is only necessary when the container becomes overcrowded with old stems or, more commonly, growth thins out in the centre of the pot.

Some types of maidenhair are inclined to grow in one direction and need repotting if they are all to one side of the container.

If the fern is making even, healthy growth but looks too big for its pot, simply transfer it carefully to a larger pot, filling fresh compost around it. This doesn't disturb the fern and can be done at any time of the year.

Remove by inverting the pot and giving the rim a few gentle but quick taps against the edge of something firm. The fingers of one hand should be threaded between the stems of the plant to receive the root ball as it slides out intact.

Run a thin bladed knife around the side of the pot of there is danger of cracking a valuable container.

As the new pot probably will be deeper as well as wider, place a few pieces of broken pot or charcoal in the bottom, arranged so that it doesn't block the drainage hole and allows water to drain away freely. Next add finer charcoal, pebbles, or a little partly rotted but fibrous grass or leafmould so the soil won't wash out.

Then add enough soil to bring the plant about 4 in. from the top of the pot. Should the plant already be too high, carefully pick away the coarse drainage material at the base of the root ball and gently spread any roots entwining this area.

When the plant is at the right height, hold it centred with one hand, and with the other firmly pack the potting compost into the space between the root ball and new pot. Tamp it down evenly all around with a pencil.

DIVIDING A FERN: Ferns are divided to increase them, or when clumps are densely matted and no longer produce an even distribution of new, healthy growth. New growth may be coming mainly from the outer edge of the clump, and the older centre section deteriorating.

With care, dividing can be done at any time of the year, but try to avoid midsummer, and midwinter in cool areas. Early spring is the best time in all climates, but late winter is satisfactory in warmer coastal districts.

To divide, remove the fern from the pot as suggested for repotting, or spade round to lift a clump in the ground. Then, with a sharp knife or secateurs, cut the clump across into four equal segments.

Where there has been no centre growth, this section is best trimmed off and each segment is repotted into a pot not much larger than it is.

For example, the four segments from a 6 in. pot would each comfortably fit 4 in. pots. A plant can be cut into 6 or 8 segments, but, of course, these will take longer to make a good, leafy display.

You can plant three or four small segments around a large pot or basket, but better specimens can be created by first potting these pieces into 3 or 4 in. pots. Then, when growth is under way, they can be carefully removed and grouped in the larger container. This assures a more evenly furnished specimen plant, as segments from different sections of a clump usually vary in the growth they make.

Don't plant segments deeper than they were previously, and firm around

them well so they are well in contact with the soil.

It is safest to cut back all top growth immediately the fern is divided. This gives new roots a chance to make up before new growth is sent out. Otherwise the foliage puts a heavy drain on the depleted roots and the plant can shrivel and die.

Soil should be just damp at the time of repotting or dividing. Give the newly planted containers a good soaking as soon as possible, and keep in a well-protected, shaded area at least until growth begins.

SOIL: Most ferns prefer an acid soil and won't grow in any but acid conditions; so avoid well-limed soil, or compost where lime has been used.

A good soil mixture would be one part of good crumbly garden loam, one part of bush sand, one part of well-rotted leafmould or bush scrapings. If the scrapings contain small pieces of pebble, charcoal, and rotted wood as well as leafmould, so much the better.

If all this isn't available, use about two parts sand and one part of shredded and moistened peatmoss as a base, but add about ½ cup of rotted leafmould, compost, or rotted cow manure

to each 6 in. pot of mixture to provide some mild feeding. Most proprietary potting mixtures also suit ferns.

All mixtures are improved by roughage such as charcoal pieces, gravel, coarse bush scrapings, rice hulls, or weathered tan bark.

Use about 2 cups to each gallon measure of mixture. It is not essential, but most ferns like to bind their roots on to something solid, and it also helps to keep the mixture open.

Another alternative would be one part of cymbidium orchid compost to two of the more conventional proprietary potting mixtures.

GENERAL CARE: Apart from the watering and feeding already detailed, remove old fronds by cutting them close to soil level. Some of the maidenhair, fishbone, or lace ferns that normally become semi-dormant and a little bedraggled in winter can be cut back to soil level. Some growers prefer to burn them off.

Burning is done by holding the pot on its side against a small fire and rotating it until all fronds and old stems are burnt back to soil level. This treatment helps eliminate scale, mealy bug, and other pests that can carry over on old stems.

Pests which attack ferns

Mealy bug attacks many types of ferns. It is a downy, dirty white scale-like pest, oval up to 4 in. long, found flattened along the backs of the fronds, sometimes in large numbers. Heavily infested fronds develop a limp appearance, as though wanting water.

The old-accepted remedy is to touch each pest with a small camelhair brush dipped in methylated spirit. This is for mealy bug only.

Or move the pots outdoors and spray liberally with one teaspoon of 40 per cent or four teaspoons of ten per cent

malathion to one gallon of water, with one tablespoon of white oil added.

If the white oil is in thick emulsion form, first mix it with equal quantities of water before adding to the bulk of the mixture.

Nicotine sulphate can substitute for malathion.

Stronger white-oil concentrations (three tablespoons to one gallon) are effective against mealy bug without malathion, but may damage young growth.

To page 7

FERNS AND FOLIAGE — Page 5



Growing on palms at "The Ferneries," Gosford — a staghorn (*Platycerium grande*), below it, an elkhorn (*Platycerium bifurcatum*), and to their left a bird's nest fern (*Asplenium nidus*).

GROWING FERNS . . . in a basket

FERN BASKETS make an attractive drape for sheltered verandas, patios, or along shaded fences, and they can be used as a light screen for privacy. Line the wire baskets with teatree bark, sphagnum moss, or similar fibrous material that keeps in the soil but lets surplus moisture drain away.

Teatree bark is the most popular in Australia, as it is readily available, and long lasting. It is more pliable if the rolls are untied and soaked in water for a few hours; hot water works more quickly.

The method of lining depends on the shape of the basket, but always cut a little on the large side so all joins overlap a few inches, and so there is an inch or two above the basket. This will be taken up as the soil presses the sheet into corners, or bows out the side of the basket slightly. Trim surplus after filling if necessary.

The length of bark needed to go around a basket is often more than expected. A basket 10in. across would need a piece about 33in. long, or two each of about 18in., and usually about 10in. wide, depending on length and taper of side. Slit both these pieces up to about half their height in three or four places so they can lap over at the bottom, fitting the taper of the basket.

An elkhorn, *Platycerium bifurcatum*, shares a basket with a maidenhair.



The Australian Women's Weekly — July 17, 1968

Plastic sheeting with drainage holes punched in the base is also used as a lining because it is easy to handle and doesn't let the soil dry out as quickly as more porous materials.

But it does lack the pleasant, natural appearance of bark or moss; and most ferns make roots in between the layers of the teatree bark.

Some varieties, such as polypodium or haresfoot, are at their best when they actually break through the bark, and spill from the sides of the basket.

One moisture-saving compromise is to line the basket with bark or sphagnum moss, mostly at the sides, then to cover the base, and an inch or two up the sides, with plastic. The plastic becomes a saucer to hold water, and is filled with pieces of charcoal which help diffuse the water into the soil and prevent the mixture from becoming stagnant. You could use an old saucer instead of plastic.

Soil mixture and planting methods for potted ferns also apply to baskets. Most ferns are suitable for baskets as long as they are in a good, sheltered position and can be kept moist, but most suitable are naturally pendulous ones such as **broad fishbone** (*Nephrolepis ensifolia*), **wiry fishbone** (*Polypodium subauriculatum*), and the various **hare's foot** (*davallia*), which will send their long, furry rhizomes through or along the outside of the bark, ultimately surrounding the basket with greenery.

This result can be hastened by actually planting some through slits made in the bark, before the baskets are filled. Another variety, such as **brake** or **maidenhair**, can go on the top.

Soft, feathery, green **lycopodium** is a quick-growing, attractive drape for the sides of moist baskets. Plant it round the top and let it spill over, or wedge it into slits in the bark.

ENEMIES OF FERNS — continued from page 5

Spray to contact mainly the underside of foliage — easier if pots are placed on their side.

Metasystox also controls mealy bug. It is poisonous and should be used with care.

Brown scale or fern scale is like brown, pin-head size or larger swellings along the stems. Treated as for mealy bug.

Ants. Ants nurture mealy bug, often spreading it from plant to plant. Where they are prevalent, water around and into the pots with malathion or DDT at the spraying strength recommended on the label.

Eel worm or nematode can also damage ferns. In this case it is a leaf-invading nematode causing dark brown or black streaks in some types of maidenhair, and branching from the midrib along brake or pteris foliage. It is most effectively controlled by watering to wet the foliage with metasystox, or with lebaycid, which is a little less toxic. Several applications of lebaycid will be needed at weekly intervals.

Aphis which attack young growth of some species are controlled as for eel worm or by malathion.

Red spider (or mites), which causes foliage to become dull and bronzed, is also controlled as for eel worm and mealy bug.

Staghorn beetle. This tiny, purplish-black beetle leaves brown, shothole-like pittings in the fronds of staghorns. The larvae or tiny grub of the beetle tunnels into the leaf near the tips, often behind the reddish spore clusters, and tips of fronds may wilt. When beetles are first noticed, spray liberally with malathion or pyrethrum spray. Remove and burn tip of fronds that appear affected.

Slaters sometimes breed in fern pots or behind staghorns. Water to wet back of plants or soil in pots with malathion at strength recommended, or use snail baits containing BHC.

Growing ferns from spores

The small, rustlike patches on the backs of ferns contain the fine spores from which new plants are germinated.

MANY ferns can be propagated or increased by carefully dividing the clumps, but growing from spores is better with varieties that don't divide or transplant easily, and essential if you want to reproduce a fern growing in protected bushland areas.

Colonies of spore are visible on the backs of most mature fronds as small velvet or rustlike patches. They vary in shape. On maidenhair, they are about pinhead size, in sooty strips up to an inch long under the margin of pteris. On bird's nest fern they are in neat, narrow, parallel lines, and cover several inches of the underside of fertile elk or staghorn fronds.

Collect these spores by holding a sheet of paper under the fronds and tapping them to dislodge ripe ones. The spores are like dust, and not easy to see. Carefully shake them together and tap into an envelope or other container. If it is windy, try putting the frond in a plastic bag while you tap or shake.

Sow spores on a mixture of equal parts moist peatmoss and sand, kneaded well together, or of well-rotted leaf-mould and sand. To kill spore of moss, algae, or weed seeds that may interfere with growth of the ferns, fill the sand mixture into pots and immerse them in a large container of boiling water. Leave until cold.

Lightly dust the spores over the surface of this sterilised soil mixture. The sown containers must be kept in a very humid atmosphere. Do this by standing the pots in a metal or concrete box, or wooden box lined with plastic, and cover with frosted glass, or plastic.

An old aquarium tank would be ideal.



Spread about an inch of wet vermiculite or peat-moss in the base to keep the atmosphere moist.

Or, enclose each pot in a plastic bag tied at the top.

Whatever the method, keep the container shaded, as sunlight on glass or a closed plastic bag could generate too much heat.

The first evidence of growth will be the appearance of minute protallus, pin-head size or less, looking like a tiny green dewdrop. Size increases gradually, but it may be four to six weeks before the first small fronds appear.

A little more air can then reach the plants, but they still need shelter from strong wind or direct sunlight. When about an inch high, lift the plants carefully out, using toothpicks or tweezers, and space a couple of inches apart in trays or boxes of the same soil mixture used for raising the spores.

STAGHORNS and **ELKHORNS** need a slightly different technique. The spores are collected as for ferns, then lightly sprinkled over well-soaked sheets of teatree bark. These, too, are kept in a moist environment, and when large enough to handle are separated by cutting between them with scissors. The small pieces of bark are carefully pinned to boards, or similar material.

The boards need to be soaked for a time, or weathered by laying them on moist soil for a few weeks until the surface becomes slightly spongy and absorbent; or soften the surface by lightly charring the board over a fire.

Elkhorns and staghorns take a number of years to produce a worthwhile plant from spores, but it is still the main way to propagate staghorns. Elkhorns can be increased more rapidly as described under Dividing Ferns. See page 5.



FERNS IN MANY SETTINGS

At left, a crested brake fern on an Italian-style table makes a pretty setting for a handsome old mahogany-cased barometer.

This delightful bank of greenery and blooms is a fernstand at Lady Lloyd Jones' home at Edgecliff, N.S.W. In it are rhododendrons, orchids, maidenhair fern, impatiens, lilies.



Above: A miniature in a glass jar, lilies.

Rough maidenhair





miniature garden of lycopodium
ar, lid taken off for the picture.



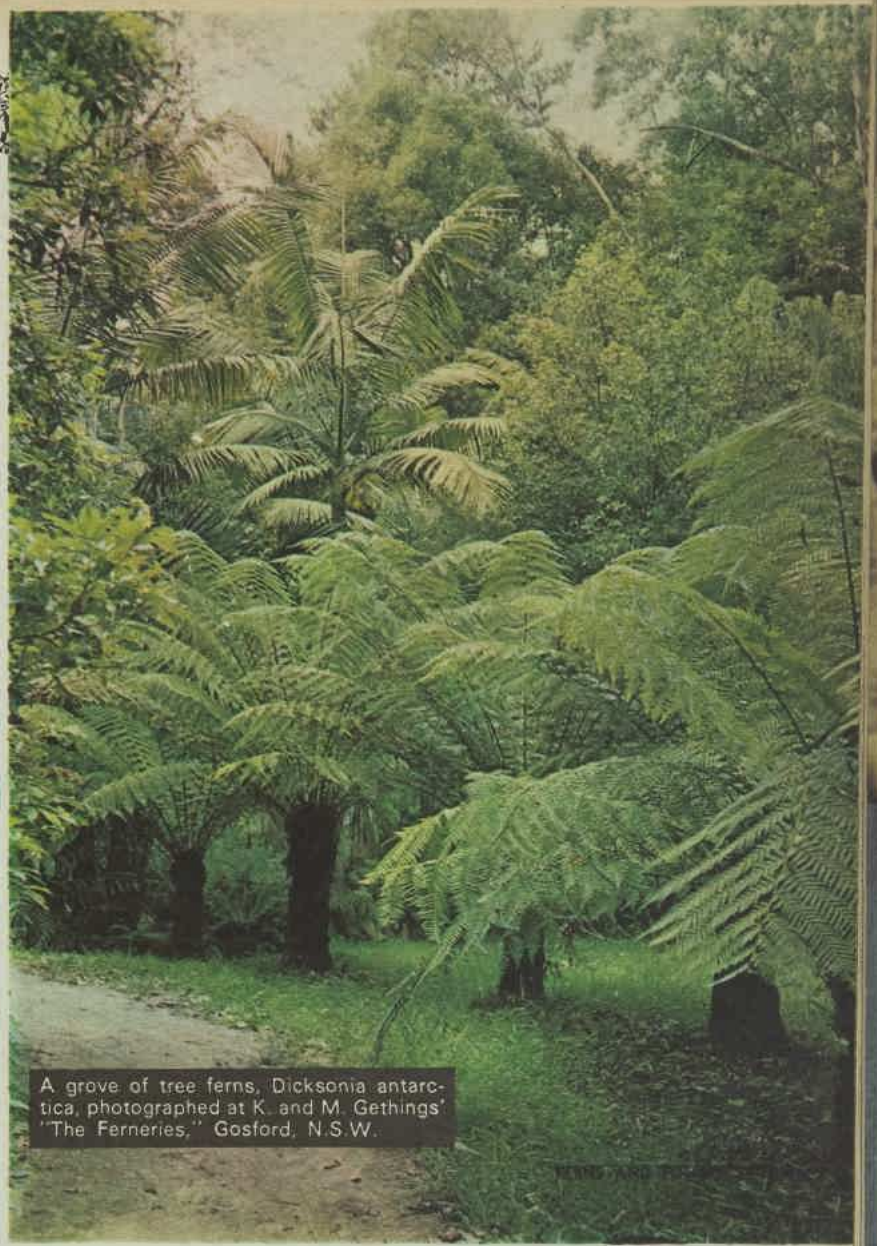
Below is a pteris,
with lycopodium cov-
ering the soil.



entair, *Adiantum hispidulum*.



The Australian Women's Weekly July 17, 1968



A grove of tree ferns, *Dicksonia antarctica*, photographed at K. and M. Gethings' "The Ferneries," Gosford, N.S.W.

Some ferns you might like to grow

GROUND FERNS: As the botanical names are not widely known, these ferns are listed and grouped according to their commonly known type.

ASPARAGUS FERNS. Botanically these are not classed as ferns. They are flowering plants belonging to the lily family. They have tuberous storage roots and can tolerate dryness longer than most ferns.

Asparagus sprengeri is the tinsel fern popular for baskets. The long, hanging fronds are thickly covered with slender, bright green, tinsel-like leaves, and occasionally carry red berries. It is very hardy, and useful for hanging baskets which are inclined to dry out. Canes are prickly.

A. cooperi is softer and more upright, resembling edible asparagus. Grown for mixing with flowers.

A. plumosa. The twining asparagus fern with extremely fine, dark green foliage and thorny canes.

A. myrsinites, "Smilax," with threadlike stems and decorative, glossy, oval, pointed foliage.

FISHBONE FORMATION. Sword fern or common fishbone (*Nephrolepis*

exaltata) is probably the most common in all areas, with fairly stiff, erect dark green fronds up to 30in. tall and rarely more than 3in. wide. They grow closely packed together, forming plantlets on wiry roots. Growth is a little softer and more graceful in very shaded areas or when grown indoors.

Boston fern (*N. bostoniensis*). A softer, more graceful and leafy version of the sword fern. It is hardy and tolerant of varied conditions, but is seen at its best grown in shade, with plenty of moisture.

Giant or broad fishbone (*N. biserrata*). Large fronds 3ft. to 4ft. long and about 6in. wide with bright green, regular, finely tapering pinnae or leaves. Excellent for baskets, but can also be grown in moist light soil. Best in shade or broken sunlight.

Crested fishbone or giant feathered fishbone (*N. rooseveltii plumosa*). Large, tapering frond up to 3ft. in moist shade. The alternating leaves or pinnae are crested or finely divided at the tips, giving the frond a fringed appearance. A beautiful basket specimen.

Double or lacy fishbone (*N. elegantis-*

sima). Fronds about 18in. long, with fishbone formation, but each rib or leaflet divided into closely set leaflets that are also in miniature fishbone formation. Foliage is sparse toward the wiry stem, but dense and overlapping near the edge of the fronds, giving a fringed or lacy appearance. Color is bright green. It makes a handsome pot or basket specimen, and rambles beautifully among moist rocks in natural gardens.

Lace fern (*N. whitmanii*). Similar to *N. elegantissima*, has shorter, broader, finer fronds. Pale green in color, a pleasant contrast with deeper greens.

Other "fishbones." Several of the **POLYPODIUMS** have fishbone-like formation, but generally the fronds are shorter, broader, and less tapering. Most end abruptly with nearly full-sized leaflets in V-formation rather than in gradually diminishing smaller ones. The fronds come from fleshy, spreading rhizomes on or just below the soil. Some grow on trees as epiphytes. These include *P. aureum* and *P. quercifolium*. *Pteris longifolia* also has fishbone formation, but the long, dark green pinnae are spaced an inch or more apart, and mature fronds usually terminate with one large leaf in the same line as the wiry stem.

BRAKE FERNS or PTERIS. *Pteris* in some ways resemble the fishbone ferns, as most have long, strap-like pinnae or leaflets, but these are usually carried in short, fan-like formation rather than in long, arching herring-bones. Some of the pinnae are crested or divided at the tips, or irregularly along the edges.

Cretian brake (*Pteris cretica*) is one of the most common. It spreads rapidly on damp, southern bushland slopes. It is best in filtered light, and is attractive in shaded gardens, accompanied by cinerarias and primulas, as in mild climates its growth remains attractive



Pteris umbrosa, the jungle brake, native to eastern Australia.

in winter and spring. It grows 1 to 1½ft. with from four to 12 dark green, long, leathery pinnules per stem, often with lower ones fused in pairs. Makes an attractive pot fern, but needs occasional rests out of doors.

The variety *Albo lineata* or *variegated cretian brake* is an attractive, variegated form with a broad, silvery-white strip down the centre of the foliage. Leaflets are comparatively short and broad, usually in sevens. It gives pleasant variety to a collection of ferns.

Variety *wimsettii* has slender pinnae. The lower ones are finely divided into antler-like formation at the tips, others are irregularly toothed.

Crested brake. Another variety of *P. cretica* (*wilsonii*) with pinnae of even width suddenly branching into tufted crests. Makes an attractive leafy pot plant, and also grows well in moist garden soil.

Jungle brake (*P. umbrosa*). A large variety native to eastern Australia, growing to about 3ft. in moist, sheltered spots. Large fronds have up to nine pairs of slender, leathery, dark green pinnae, sharply tapering and with undulating margins. A handsome species for sheltered moist areas.

Victoria brake (*Pteris ensiformis victoriae*) has short, broad, sterile fronds and long, slender, spore-bearing ones. Some pinnae are irregularly branched or toothed, others are completely divided



Page 10 — FERNS AND FOLIAGE



Left, *Nephrolepis biserrata*, the giant fishbone fern.

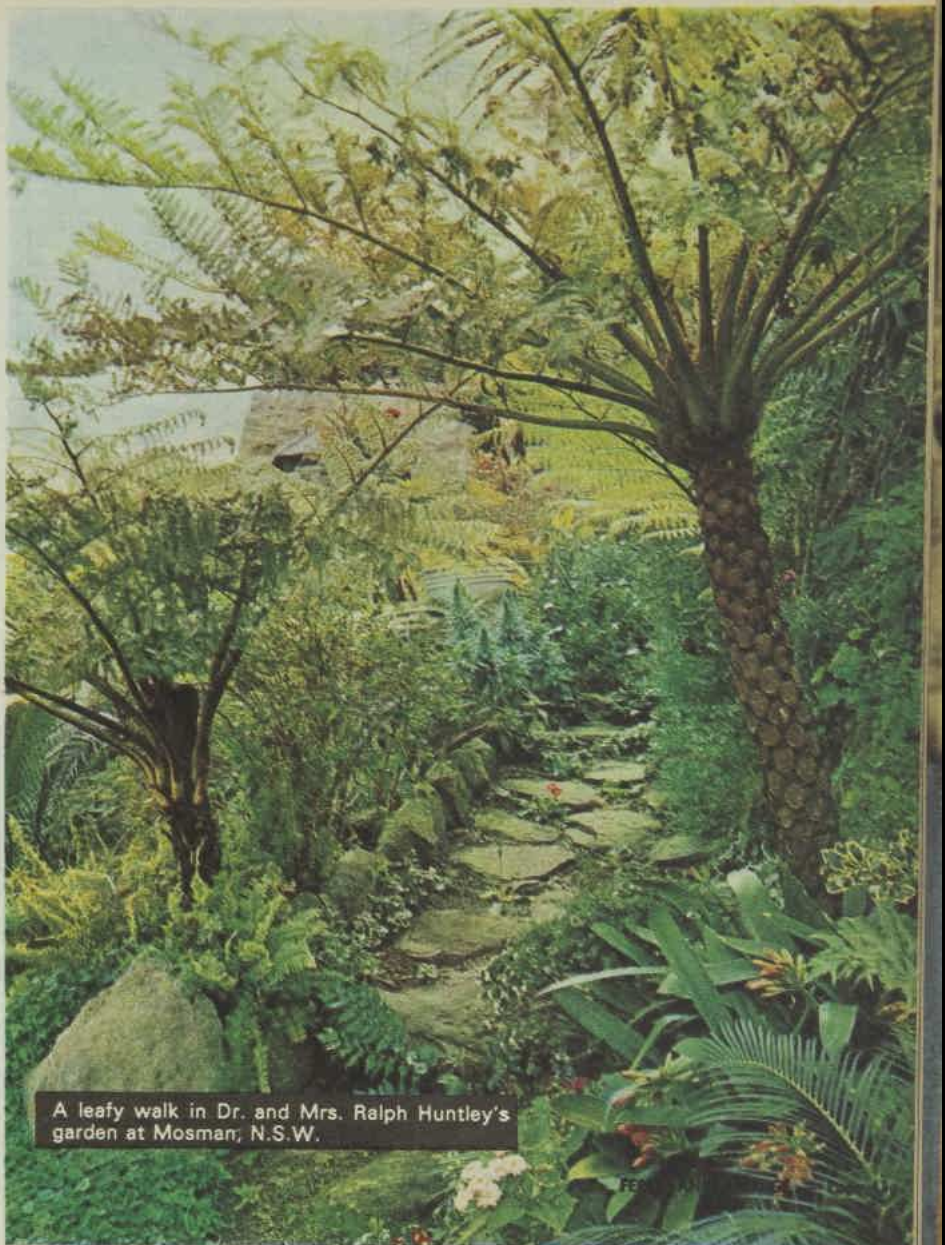
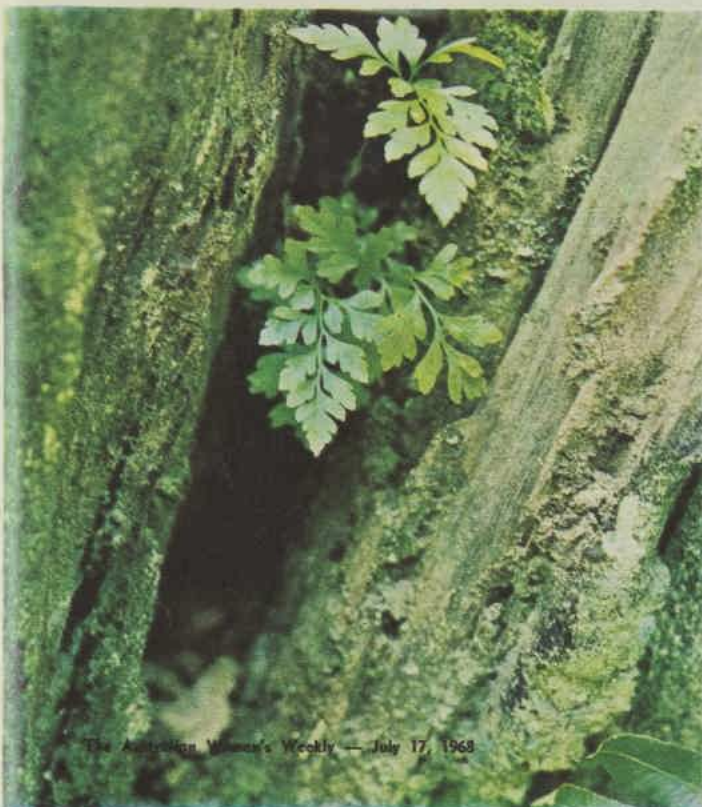
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● These two pictures show the diversity of ferns . . . tree-size, they give shade and filtered light . . . in miniature, peeping out from damp fissures with fragile daintiness.

Below, a young hare's foot fern, *Davallia bullata mariesii*.



A leafy walk in Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley's garden at Mosman, N.S.W.



Above, *Adiantum hispidulum*, rough maidenhair fern.



Above, *Adiantum aethiopicum*, wild maidenhair fern.

Below, Native hare's foot fern, *Davallia pyxidata*.



GROUND FERNS— From page 10

into three or four segments. All are prominently feathered with white down the centre, and margined deep green. A dainty pot specimen, and suitable for damp, shaded outdoors in all but cooler climates.

MAIDENHAIR (*Adiantum*). Maiden-hair ferns are undoubtedly the most prized of all beautiful ferns. Most species are more dainty and fragile in appearance than any other plant, yet at the same time they can look so rich and luxurious — almost lush.

In the genus *ADIANTUM* there are more than 200 species, and numerous varieties. Most have quaint, fan-shaped pinnae attractively crimped or finely divided at the edges.

The common characteristic is that all pinnae or leaflets have separate leaf stalks.

Often these are cobweb fine, giving them a flimsy, floating-on-air appearance. It is remarkable that so fine a filament can support the comparatively heavy leaflets in perfect formation, and that it is capable of transferring water and food to and from them.

The adiantums are not as delicate as they look. A good example of this is the dainty native maidenhair, which is among the finer-foliated types. This is often found making a luxuriant carpet in areas with only light protection and in a variety of soils — but always in places that are damp for most of the year.

Wild maidenhair (*Adiantum aethiopicum*). Fronds usually 9 to 12in. long, but up to twice the length in damp, protected areas with filtered light.

Giant maidenhair (*A. formosum*). Broad, fanlike fronds, up to 3ft. in damp, sheltered positions.

A. decorum. Sometimes referred to as double maidenhair because of the large, closely set, crimped foliage. There are several varieties.

Fine maidenhair. Mostly varieties of *A. aureatum* or *A. gracillimum*. One variety of *A. gracillimum* is so fine the fronds resemble green dewdrops in a spider's web.

Rough maidenhair (*A. hispidulum*). Native to Australia and New Zealand. A much bolder species, growing to about 15in. The irregular-shaped frond is made up of four or five fingers, 3 to

5in. long, closely set with leathery leaflets. Young growth is pinkish-bronze, aging to mid-green. Once established, it seems to tolerate long periods of dryness; prefers shade or broken sunlight.

HARE'S FOOT (*Davallia*). There are several *DAVALLIAS*, and most could qualify for the common name hare's foot because of the furry surface rhizomes creeping ahead of the leaves. Most are *EPIPHYTES*, and grow on trees in light rain forest areas.

The native hare's foot, *D. pyxidata*, is usually found on sheltered rock in the valleys of eastern Australia. Most have fronds shaped rather like bracken, but are more finely dissected. One exception is *D. pentaphylla*, which has fronds resembling *Pteris cretica*.

A Japanese species, *D. bullata*, is often used overseas for fern balls and similar shapes. The leafless, dormant rhizomes are bound into the required shape, usually with sphagnum moss, soaked in water, then hung to sprout. With occasional watering, they provide a leafy display at least for the summer season.

Hare's foot is ideal for lining the outside of hanging baskets, especially if the basket is first lined with strips of tea-tree bark, and the ferns arranged so the rhizome protrudes between the bark and wire while the fibrous root mat is kept inside. One fern will spread around, in time, but it is best if five or six can be set around the basket.

They can also be used effectively if bound on to a solid piece of branch, with a little sphagnum to hold moisture, and hung or draped diagonally along a fernery wall.

The root mass can also be wedged between stones in a mossy rockery. Leave the rhizomes protruding, but close to or touching the rock, with some rotted leafmould within reach.

There are also many other attractive native and imported ferns suitable for potting or growing in the shaded garden.

Among them: **Holly ferns (*Cyrtomium*),** with long fronds of dark, glossy, holly-like leaflets; **shield ferns (*Polystichum*)** with large, handsome fronds; very hardy outdoors.

A dwarf Japanese species, *P. tsus-sinense*, has fronds like a miniature tree fern.

P. aristatum variegatum resembles Victoria brake, but with larger, more regularly divided fronds. It is green/pale yellow variegated.

The Queensland tassel fern is a hand-



Selaginella kraussiana, or lycopodium, the ferny club moss.

some subject for warm climates or glass-houses.

FERNY CLUB MOSS (*Selaginella* or *lycopodium*) resembles moss more than fern; a delightful cover for fern baskets, and a soft, green, feathery carpet for shady areas, among larger ferns.

S. martensii makes a picturesque rosette of upright, branching, fernlike growth about 10in. high.

EPIPHYTES, the ferns that grow on trees

Elkhorns, staghorns, bird's nest, and scabbard ferns are some that belong to the epiphyte group.

STAGHORNS and ELKHORNS. Both are common names, so their use can be disputed, but staghorn is usually applied to *Platycerium grande*, a spectacular native from Eastern Australian rain forests. It has large, pale lime or blue-green nest leaves (the shield-like formation at the back), and long, pendulous, anther-like fertile fronds that are also pale green. The spores are at the base rather than the tips of the fronds.

Elkhorns (*Platycerium bifurcatum*) are also native to Eastern Australia and



FERNS IN THE GARDEN

● Given shade and shelter, ferns will bring their soft beauty to some of the garden's problem spots.

the Pacific Islands. Their nest leaves quickly turn brown. The fertile fronds or anthers are upright, at least in the young stage, and rather slender and dark, leathery green on top. A similar species, *P. hillii*, has thinner stems, and slightly more upright fronds.

All the platycerium grow on trees with non-shedding bark, such as fig, cedar, saffras, and coachwood, and occasionally on rocks. Sometimes they are exposed to strong sunlight and salt spray, but always the atmosphere is moist.

In cultivation, they are best in broken sunlight or a well-lighted area protected from direct sunlight. Growth is more luxuriant when they are sheltered from cold winds and watered frequently.

They can be grown on boards and any tree, except gums, that shed their bark. Choose stout hardwood boards that will not rot easily, and use copper wire ties. These won't rust. The important thing is to fix the plants firmly.

Do this by nailing them after first driving each nail through a strip (about 1/2 in. wide) of thin leather, folded three or four times to form a washer. The nail head then holds the plant firmly without tearing through.

It will help if the plant is tied in position before nailing, but try to keep any permanent tie at the bottom of the plant. Firm contact is needed here, where anchoring roots will later develop.

The top is meant to project, forming a V-shape at the back to gradually channel rotted leafmould and other decayed debris to the roots. This organic material, plus water, will feed the plant. No soil is needed.

When plants are growing away from trees where this material would collect naturally, feed them with a handful of decomposed leafmould or rotted cow manure at the back of the plant in spring and autumn.

Propagate elkhorns by cutting clumps into sections when a number of established plantlets have formed. Nail these to well-soaked boards and keep moist.

BIRD'S NEST FERN (*Asplenium nidus*). These grow on trees in the wild, similarly to staghorns and elkhorns, and

need little root room. They can survive on comparatively small quantities of leafmould, provided they have plenty of water. Again, they are at their best in shade or broken sunlight. Plants do grow in full sunlight, but usually scorch badly in heatwave conditions. Established plants can be transferred to the ground in a shaded part of the garden. Use a little potting mixture around the base if the soil is heavy.

Bird's nest fern can be propagated from spores, but the usual way is to cut the plant cleanly through the crown in both directions, making four segments. Replant these, taking care not to let the roots dry out. It is best to cut the foliage on each section back to about 6 in. from the crown. Early spring is the best time for this division.

Eventually each segment, with reasonable care, should become symmetrical, but this may take a year or two.

Asplenium bulbiferum, sometimes known as **MOTHER FERN**, is another fern that grows naturally as an epiphyte on trees or rocks, although in cultivation it is generally found potted in soil. It is of the same genus, but quite unlike the bird's nest, as the fronds are divided into numerous rounded leaflets in secondary stemlets.

This fern propagates freely from tiny bulbils that actually form baby plants along the edges of the leaves — hence the name mother fern.

Clip off the larger bulbils or plantlets with a small piece of parent frond attached and plant in potting soil; or peg down the frond on soil, and remove the plantlets when they have made root.

Another form, *A. viviparum*, or **New Zealand fern**, has finer, wider foliage, and produces plantlets even more freely.

The soft **TREE FERN** (*Dicksonia antarctica*) is a graceful, beautiful plant for damp, protected, shaded areas. It has a dark brown, fibrous trunk covered with aerial rootlets, which absorb moisture and nutrient from decaying foliage trapped in the crown. Thus, even large plants can be transplanted without roots, and will re-establish providing the trunks are watered frequently.

SHADED areas where it is hard to grow many accepted garden plants are usually right for a great variety of ferns—or could easily be made so.

Apart from shade, they need shelter. A few quick growers such as abelia or coprosma will provide shelter from cold winds; or a brush, teatree, or lathe fence, fairly economical, will add the intimate atmosphere of a courtyard.

The area needs to be fairly damp (although shaded areas usually are), and there are ways of providing moisture apart from frequent watering.

A shallow pool with mossy rocks linking water and soil sustains moisture and a damp atmosphere. Make one cheaply with polythene, preferably lined with cement to prevent puncturing. ●

If you really want to "go with-it," a small submerged pump will circulate water to a higher level so it returns via tinkling waterfalls, keeping the surrounding rocks continuously moist. In summer, such an area is a welcome oasis.

Peatmoss liberally worked into the surface also helps retain moisture.

Soil is not very important. If light and crumbly, plant ferns straight into it with perhaps a little leafmould added. Otherwise just remove a small amount before planting, and fill in around the roots with the potting mixtures given in the section discussing soil.

Fortunately, ferns don't object when their roots reach wet clay. Keep a little leafmould and peatmoss over the surface, and roots will stay at this level. Be more liberal with peatmoss if the soil is inclined to be limy or naturally alkaline.

For the best effect keep the setting natural and unregimented. Plant in clumps, if possible among mossy rocks. Cover bare soil between them with metal chip, gravel, water, moss, or lycopodium (ferny club moss). Add interest by winding a few stepping-stones through, if there is room.

Other plants can be added for variety and contrast—flowers and ferns combine with special charm. Try a casual clump of polyanthus, dwarf cinerarias, or primulas for spring color, and a few dwarf begonias and a coleus or two for summer.

The ferns in this booklet will grow out of doors in all but coldest climates. In very cold districts they would lose their foliage in winter, but most would shoot again in spring, provided they had moisture and some wind protection.

And here are some foliage plants that will grow in company with ferns

THESE plants combine attractively with ferns. They will grow in containers indoors, or in the shade garden among the ferns. They suit temperate coastal areas. Frost tolerance is given.

AUCUBA (gold dust plant). Bushy shrub to about 6ft.; large, glossy, green foliage heavily flecked with gold. A handsome background plant for ferns. Needs some protection from heavy frost.

ACORUS. Attractive, variegated, slender foliage 10 to 12in. high resembles tiny, variegated flax. Grows in sedge, wet areas or ordinary garden soil, stands sun, shade, frost.

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FERNS AND FOLIAGE — Page 13



COMPANIONS FOR FERNS

At left, bromeliads on bamboo, in an unusual angled setting. All pictures on this page taken at K. and M. Gethings' "The Ferneries," Gosford, N.S.W.

In this shady patch grow some of the plants that mix well with ferns outdoors. Among them are the large-leaved *Alocasia odorata*, at right; *monstera deliciosas*, centre; and behind them is a wine-colored cordyline.



Bird's nest fern, *Asplenium nidus*, makes good use of an old tree stump.



The Australian Garden Weekly

Plants to grow with ferns — continued

BRASSAIA (umbrella tree). Handsome fronds of divided, glossy green foliage on cane-like stems. Eventually reaches 10ft., but combines happily with ferns for several years. Only suitable outdoors in warm coastal areas.

BEGONIAS. Tree begonias have handsome foliage, large, pendulous clusters of waxy pink or red flowers; on canes, to 6ft. Best outdoors where frosts aren't severe.

REX BEGONIAS. Beautifully marked and colored foliage with sheen of shot silk. Some grow in warm, outdoor shade, but are best in well-lighted sunrooms with humidity helped by ferns and other plants. Rex begonias and maidenhair ferns are a delightful combination.

BROMELIADS include a number of interesting, beautiful foliage plants, all with characteristic pineapple-top formation. Some classified as **NIDULARIUMS** usually have broad foliage with showy variegations running lengthwise. Types of **ANANAS** are similar.

Several **ACHMEAS** have spectacular stripes across the foliage — silver and

charcoal, green and white, violet and ivory; others are a rich, translucent green. Their flowers are showy and long lasting, with bright rose stems and sheath perhaps tipped with blue or purple.

Some of the **VERIESIAS** have glowing, ruby tones in their foliage. Others are noted for the brilliance of their red-and-yellow flower spikes.

Bromeliads are largely epiphytes, and don't need special soil. They will grow on rocks or on sloping treetrunks, provided the atmosphere is moist.

Planted in soil, they need a coarse, crumbly mixture with plenty of small pebbles or leafmould around the surface.

Growth is best in shade, but good light is needed to get the best from colored varieties. Avoid direct sunlight. You can grow them out of doors with ferns in mild climates, but grow them in containers in cold districts and move them indoors in winter.

BERGENIA. Rosettes of large, rounded, leathery green foliage with sprays of dainty, pink, waxy flowers in

winter. Sometimes known as *saxifraga*. Tolerates frost.

CALATHEA ZEBRINA. Clumps of elongated, oval foliage about 9in. long, with paler green herringbone striping. Needs protection from wind, heavy frost.

CORDYLINE STRICTA (cabbage-tree). A large, handsome rosette of strap-like foliage on slender canes up to 8ft., later branching. *Cordyline australis* has more slender foliage, and usually remains for some years at good level without developing canes. Both suitable for outdoors in all but coldest districts.

CHLOROPHYTUM. Pineapple-top-shaped rosette, but the cream-and-green variegated foliage is soft and fleshy. New plantlets form on old reclining flower stems.

CALADIUMS. Beautifully veined and colored, large, heart-shaped leaves on slender stems. Only outdoors in semi-tropical areas. They die down to woody tuber in winter. A highlight among ferns.

CLIVIA. Clumps of dark green, strap-like foliage, 18in. high. Heads of orange trumpets, early spring. Best outdoors; stands moderate frost.

CYPERUS ALTERNIFOLIUS (umbrella grass). Clumps of gracefully

arching, 4ft. canes crowned with rich green, weeping foliage in umbrella formation. Revels in moisture. Dies down in winter in cold climates.

FATSIA. Shapely, deep green, hand-shaped foliage on clump of slender canes, about 4ft. Needs reasonable drainage, protection from severe frosts.

HOSTA (plantain lily). Clumps of shapely, broad foliage, to 12in. White or lavender flowers in summer. Dies down in winter, reappears quickly in spring. Survives the lowest temperatures.

HEDERA (ivy). All types grow well out of doors in damp, shaded areas.

MAHONIA. Handsome fronds of holly-like foliage on cany growth, 2 to 4ft. Sprays of blue berries in cold climates. Stands severe frost.

MARANTA (prayer plant). Showy clumps, rounded, silky green foliage with dark green "zones"; 12in. Needs shelter from wind and heavy frost.

MONSTERA. These plants, with their huge, perforated, leathery green leaves, grow luxuriously in warm, damp, and shady frost-free positions. Plant with new growth aimed at a close-by wall or fence.

NANDINA (Japanese sacred bamboo). Clump of canes 2 to 4ft. with sprays of dainty foliage. Best outdoors.

OPHIPOGON (ribbon grass). Clumps of green/white variegated strap-like foliage; about 10in. Spikes of lavender flowers.

PILEA CADIEREI (aluminium plant). Attractive, glossy green-and-silver foliage in bushy clump, to 2ft. Only grows well outdoors in mild climate, shaded, sheltered from cold winds. Needs fair drainage. A nice potplant for well-lighted rooms, away from gas fumes.

● The picture on the back cover was taken at Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley's garden at Mosman, N.S.W. In the background are staghorns, a cotoneaster, cumquat, and sasanqua camellia, bordered by cinerarias, bellis perennis daisies, geraniums, pansies, and salvia. In summer the staghorns are shaded by the creeper *Pyrostegia ignea* (formerly known as *Bignonia venusta*).

All pictures in this book, including front and back covers, taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, except the picture of Lady Lloyd Jones' fern stand on page 8, taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

FERNS AND FOLIAGE — Page 15

FOLIAGE PLANTS to be grown indoors

These need warmth and fairly dry soil all winter.

HOUSE plants which will grow outdoors in mild climates were mentioned in the preceding list. The ones in this section are either sensitive to winter cold or won't tolerate as much moisture as ferns in winter.

Grown inside, they need a minimum of water, unless the room is heated day and night. The soil should generally appear dry on top, but just damp ½in. below the surface. This may mean weekly or fortnightly watering, depending on container size and room humidity.

When water is needed, give enough to cause run-off through the pot, to be sure it gets to the lower roots. It is best to take the chill off the water, bringing it near to room temperature.

These plants need humidity similar to

ferns, so group them together for their mutual benefit as well as for appearance. They all need good light.

ANTHURIUMS. Squat, attractive foliage; graceful, long-lasting, flamingo-like blooms in glossy pinks or reds. Need warmth, humidity.

APHELANDRA. Upright growth, leaves about 9in. long, half as wide; dark, glossy green, ivory variegations along main veins. Stems sometimes crested with yellow flower.

AGLAONEMA. Attractive silver/white variegated oval-to spear-shaped leaves on graceful stems; a bushy plant, about 2ft. Needs warmth, humidity.

CISSUS ANTARCTICA (kangaroo vine). Attractive native creeper from rain forests; handsome, divided, serrated dark green leaves, downy, brown new growth.

CROTONS. Small, woody plants; dark leathery foliage heavily splashed with pinks, reds, golds. Love warmth, humidity.

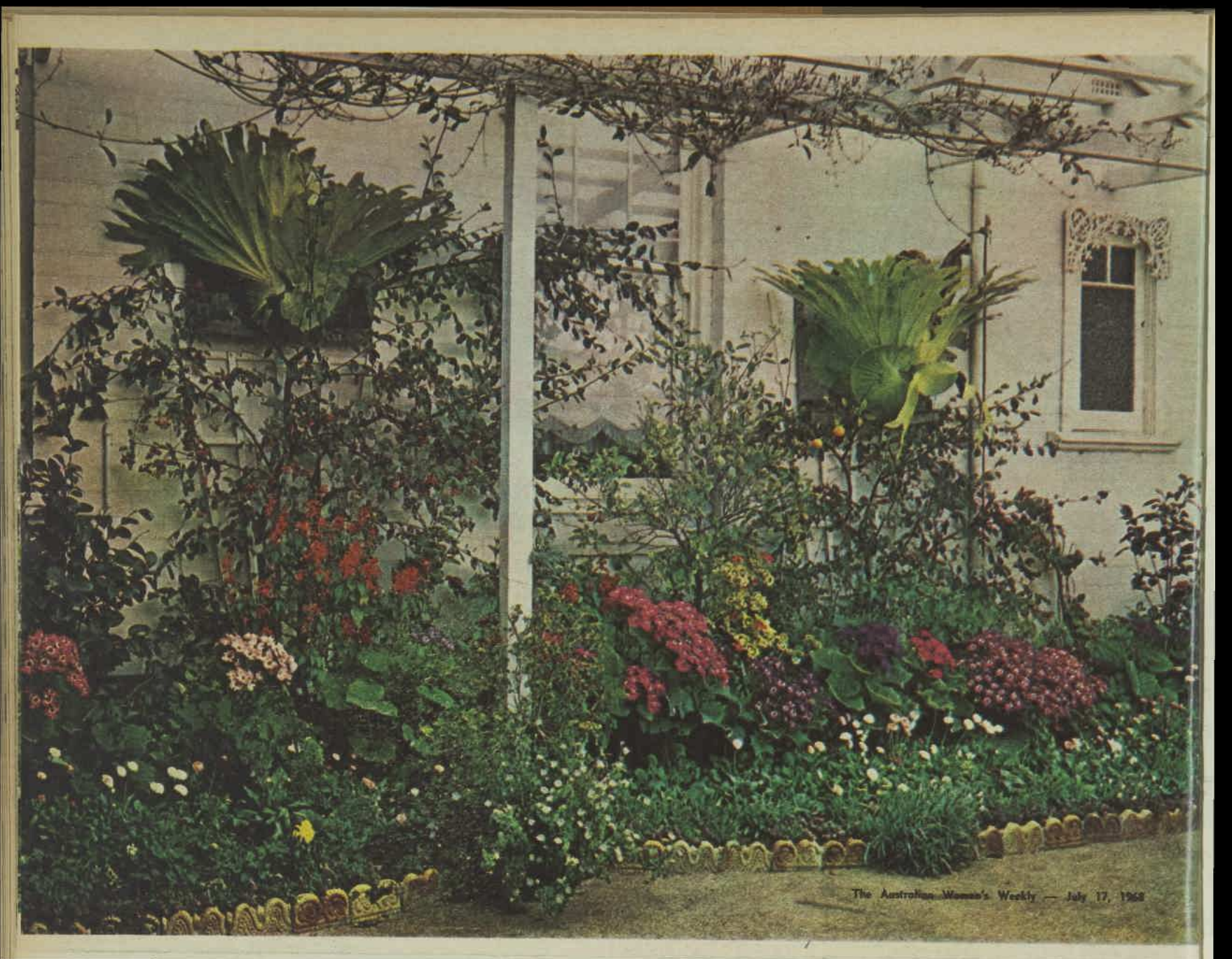
DIEFFENBACHIA (dumbcane). So called because stems contain a poison which paralyzes the vocal cords. Cany growth, attractively displayed, large leaves about 18in. long, 5 to 7in. wide. *D. picta*, a popular variety, has deep green foliage, etched with silver.

DRACAENA. Canes crested with handsome, broad, strap-like foliage in varied colors — plum, red, and bronze, dark green and white.

FIGUS. Well-known rubber plants.

PEPEROMIA. Compact little plants with attractive, waxy foliage.

PHILODENDRON. Twining types (*P. cordatum*); or *P. seloum* or *P. bipinnatifidum*, with large-toothed or serrated triangular leaves, 12in. long, 8 or 9in. wide, in rosette formation. These also grow outside in warm situations.



The Australian Woman's Weekly — July 17, 1968